THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR JULY, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The OATH of NASSAU.
2. London fashionable WALKING and EVENING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a LADY'S SLEEVE, &c. &c.

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NOTICES.

L* B*** P*******—A packet for the author is left at the publisher's, to be delivered on the production of an order in his hand-writing.

We are sorry that we cannot oblige *two Ladies* by the insertion of their *Epitaph*.

The lines *on the Death of a young Friend*, though possessed of merit, require revision.

THE

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For JULY, 1811.

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 253, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

"At the moment when some internal concussion is about to shake the earth to her foundations, we sometimes see the most perfect calm prevail through the atmosphere: the azure dome of heaven shines with unwonted brilliancy: the breath of the winds is silent; and nature seems to lavish on wretched mortals these last sweets of fleeting repose: but their pale countenances betray their inward anxiety: the animals, running in every direction through the plains, neglect the invitation of the rich pastures; and the songsters of the groves seem to have forgotten their tuneful notes.—Suddenly torrents of liquid fire burst forth from the yawning ground, and, spouting up to the clouds, veil the face of heaven with thick volumes of smoke: the earth, wide opening her dark abysses, seems to presage the dissolution of the world; and a whole people are swallowed in endless night.—Such was the delusive happiness we for a moment enjoyed: more stern and cruel mandates soon arrived from Madrid: the devouring pyres were multiplied; the number of victims was increased, and the Belgians now expected utter destruction.

"'Twas then that I secretly assembled the most intrepid of our chiefs.—The whole universe seemed at the time benighted in the dark cloud of ignorance; while tyrants were busily engaged in forming the most infernal conspiracies against the happiness of the human race, and the unfortunate sons of men had no consolation left but that of secretly shedding tears. In our assembly, Horn first rose to address his compeers—his eyes flashing with ardor, and the powerful workings of his soul demanding immediate utterance—

"'Was I mistaken?' cried he—'I was accused of rashness, when my voice exhorted you to take measures for your own defence! I was told that Philip would lay aside his arms!—His arms have indeed been laid aside: but his sword was suspended only for the purpose of deceiving his intended victims—of enabling him the more leisurely to single them out, and then to level at each a more certain blow.—Since that time, how many of our citizens have been destroyed!—O Montigny, my brother! and thou, Bergues! in luckless hour sent as deputies to the tyrant! your heads have fallen on the scaffold! How many warriors have been sacrificed, whose valour would have seconded my efforts! . . . . . But I forbear: the language of complaint ill beseems the man of courage; nor shall Horn be seen to shed un-availing tears over the graves of his murdered compatriots. I am a stranger to the cautious maxims of a timid prudence, and can no longer brook the languor of procrastination, when I every day behold justice and virtue dragged to the scaffold or the stake.—But perhaps I am not yet sufficiently familiarised to such

spectacles! perhaps I am too presumptuous in wishing to become their avenger, and flattering myself that such distinguished honor and happiness are reserved for me! Nassau's cares are now employed in seeking for us an ally among the nations of Europe; while Egmont, deaf to our entreaties, and regardless of that death which awaits him, has repaired to the foot of Philip's throne, there to convey to him the cries, and describe to him the tears, of this suffering people. At the name of that chief, I perceive your alarms—I participate them. Alas! already perhaps has his head fallen beneath the stroke of the executioner!

"What shameful inactivity is this, in which we have suffered our courage to be lethargised! Has tyranny, then, not yet filled up the dire measure of its horrors? Is it not armed, before our eyes, with chains, with swords, and with flames? Shall we tamely look on, until all our fellow-citizens be exterminated? until the names of Belgian and Batavian be blotted out from the catalogue of nations?—*Until*, did I say? but, were they not obliterated at the moment when we lost our liberties? have they not disappeared together with that tribunal which stood as a barrier between the throne and the people—which formerly was so much revered—and was respected even by that emperor in whose train Victory ever delighted to march? Have not that tribunal and our liberties been together overthrown? and has not Philip erected on their ruins the bloody scaffolds of the inquisition?

"Ah! when formerly the Roman governors of our country attempted to infringe the rights of the Batavians, there stepped forth a hero who showed himself superior to the fear of Rome. Civilis!—(can any man among us have forgotten the name?)—you did not humbly repair to the foot of the throne to implore the tyrant's clemency! You assembled your friends in the sacred grove, and impelled them to take up arms. In spite of your valour, you perished in the unequal contest: but—illustrious victim, whose glory I might justly envy—you rendered the liberty of the Batavians more sacred in the eyes even of imperial Rome: you perpetuated their rights, and transmitted a glorious example for our imitation. And, yet, had any Batavians in those days been thrown into irons? had any been consigned to the flames? had the inquisition as yet reared her hideous head from the infernal abyss?—No! if tyranny had proceeded to such outrageous excesses, every individual of the Batavian race would have proved himself another Civilis.

"But our fellow-citizens openly express their abhorrence of the yoke imposed on their necks, and are making every exertion to shake it off! And, while they overturn the funereal pyres, and rescue the trembling victims from the hands of the executioners,—we, whose duty it is, I'll not say to save a few victims, but to burst the chains of an entire nation—we, the fathers of our country, stand patient spectators, while the limbs of our children are torn and mangled in our presence—we behold them given a prey to the flames—and think we discharge our obligations to our country by shedding useless tears, and uttering vain exclamations, which are lost in the passing gale! But let us at length arouse from this degrading lethargy! and, if we have not been the foremost in setting the example of courage, let us at least—it is now full time—let us follow the example

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Oath of Nassau.

which has been set by others, and hasten to take up arms!'

"Thus spoke the hero—his eyes flashed with fire—and his eager hand impatiently grasped his sword.

"The valour of Horn, like an electric spark, pervaded all his hearers. Scarcely had he concluded his speech, when Egmont appeared, with grief and indignation depicted in his countenance. The sentiments of the assembly are for a moment suspended, and give way to the unanimous joy inspired by his un-expected return.—'Yes,' said he, 'I blush to meet your eyes, when I own that I have stooped to implore the tyrant. His stern visage seemed to relax from its wonted severity:—"Egmont," said he, "I know how much I am indebted to your courage: Saint-Quentin and Gravelines are ever present to my memory; and what I have refused to the insolent demands of rebellion, I grant to entreaty."—Such was the tyrant's promise: yet, on my return, I find my country immersed in more dreadful calamity than before!'

"Silence now reigned through the whole assembly.—'Generous Egmont!' said I—'happy to escape the deadly snares by which you were surrounded, you suffered your mind to be for a moment dazzled and deceived by a system of policy at once artful and cruel. More accustomed to command armies in the field than to breathe the tainted atmosphere of a court, and incapable of belying the sentiments of your own heart, you took for granted that the word of a king must be sincere and sacred:—but these letters'—and at the same time I produced them to his astonished view—'these letters, penned by Philip's own hand, and intercepted by Coligni, reveal to us the most diabolical designs, concerted between the Medici and Philip, to entail wretchedness both on the Belgians and on the French. The veil is now rent asunder—the mystery is disclosed—Philip is determined to rob the Belgians of all their national privileges, and all the rights of humanity! Those horrors which converted America into a vast theatre of wanton carnage, are to be renewed in our provinces! Philip intends to conquer them by force of arms—to reduce them to a state of ignominious thraldom: he is resolved to despoil us of our property—to add the gold of Belgium to that which a subject world pours forth from her teeming womb to glut his avarice, still insatiable in the midst of boundless wealth—to deprive us of those laws which he has solemnly sworn to maintain—and, if we murmur at his proceedings, to silence our murmurs by putting us to the sword!

"He now swears—and he is determined to observe his oath—he swears that he will support among us that monument of the most consummate barbarity and the most consummate baseness of man—that tribunal erected by the hands of fanaticism, and which is an eternal disgrace to the earth. The temples, whose sacred walls were once an inviolable asylum, will henceforth only serve to enflame the rage of our persecutors, who will bury us under their ruins. If we attempt to defend our liberties and to overthrow that sanguinary tribunal, it will be supported by the entire force of Spain: her ports already resound with warlike preparations against us: her hostile fleets already plough the main: her arsenals pour forth all their destructive stores: her armies are on their march; and, at their head, advances Alva!

"What man among us harbours in his bosom a soul so base, so groveling, as to submit to bow the

neck beneath that degrading yoke? —to sacrifice our liberty—all the rights of man—and reason itself, that image of the eternal mind?—Thrice happy Helvetium! nurtured on thy rocks, the exalted courage of three humble inhabitants of the hamlet rescued their countrymen from bondage: and shall *we* set the example of tame submission to slavery?—The bright sun of liberty is the genial luminary that sheds joy and plenty o'er thy hills: thy sons are born and die free; and thy example is an instructive lesson to all nations. We hear the animating sounds of thy voice:—not yet tamed to subjection, the Belgic lion roars, and champs his chain:—let him burst it! let the nations who are enervated by luxury or immersed in brutal ignorance—let *them* crouch at the feet of their despot masters—kiss the hand that brandishes the scourge over their heads—and display no strength or energy beyond what is barely sufficient to drag the yoke of tyranny: let even the savage, though born to the enjoyment of unbounded freedom, submit to be enslaved, or flee his native soil, to roam in the dark recesses of pathless forests:—still the Belgian and the Batavian will dare to rise in arms, and oppose the lawless attempts of their tyrants.

"O thou father of the universe! from whose eternal wisdom first emanated order and laws! O thou, my country! and you, virtuous and valiant men, who, in these days of mourning and of crimes, still exhibit an image of her pristine splendor—in thy presence, o almighty being, I swear—and be you, my countrymen, witnesses to my oath, that, to my latest breath, I will never cease to defend the sacred rights of this nation and of humanity.'

"The whole assembly repeated the same oath.—Horn, unable to repress the transports of his impetuous joy, rushed into my arms, and exclaimed—'Such intrepid magnanimity bespeaks the genuine soul of Nassau! Thy valour, which I thought cooled by prudence, now displays itself with all its wonted energy: it fires my soul; it hurries me on to emulate thy noble example! O happy day, when I shall be permitted to pay my homage at the altar of liberty, re-edified from its ruins, and crowned with the laurels of victory!'

"He ceased.—I announced my intention of instantly flying into Germany, where I had the certain hope of being able to collect an army—and urged my associates to accompany me. But Horn asked whether our countrymen, on the eve of being massacred, were to be deprived of all their chiefs.—He engaged to join me on the banks of Meuse with a band of Batavians; while Egmont, Barneveldt, and Brederode, declared their resolution to partake his dangers.—The near approach of day now warned me to accelerate my departure: I embraced those chiefs, and, clasping to my bosom Egmont and Horn, recalled to my mind the day when Philip had offered me the most exalted rank in the state, as the price of their blood. I shuddered at the recollection, and conjured them to follow me. The friendship which glowed in my heart, burst forth in energetic accents from my lips. Their souls were affected: but they persevered in their determination to stay; and I at length tore myself from their embraces—my heart saddened with grief, and my boding mind darkened with gloomy anticipation.

(To be continued.)

On the Peculiarities of DRESS, *with reference to the Station of the Wearer.*

(From the "Mirror of the Graces.")

As there is a propriety in adapting your dress to the different seasons of your life, and the peculiar character of your figure, there is likewise a necessity that it should correspond with the station you hold in society.

This is a subject not less of a moral concern than it is a matter of taste. By the universality of finery and expensive articles in dress, ranks are not only rendered undistinguishable, but the fortunes of moderate families and of industrious tradesmen are brought to ruin: the sons become sharpers; and the virtue of the wives and daughters too often follows in the same destruction.

It is not from a proud wish to confine elegance to persons of quality that I contend for less extravagant habits in the middle and lower orders of people: it is a conviction of the evil which their vanity produces that impels me to condemn *in toto* the present levelling and expensive mode.

A tradesman's wife is now as sumptuously arrayed as a countess, and a waiting-maid as gaily as her lady. I speak not of our merchants, who, like those of Florence under the Medici family, have the fortunes of princes, and may therefore decorate the fair partners of their lives with the rich produce of the divers countries they visit; but I animadvert on our retail shopkeepers, our linen-drapers, upholsterers, &c. who, not content with gold and silver baubles, trick out their dames in jewels! No wonder that these men load their consciences with dishonest profits, or make their last appearance in the newspapers as insolvent or *felo de se!*

Should the woman of moderate fortune be so ignorant of the principles of real elegance as to sigh for the splendid apparels of the court, let her receive as an undeniable truth, that mediocrity of circumstances being able to afford clean and simple raiment, furnishes all that is essential for taste to improve into perfect elegance. Riches and splendor will attract notice, and may often excite admiration: but it is the privilege of propriety and sweet retiring grace alone to rivet the eye, and take captive the heart.

"Many there are who seem to shun all care,
And with a pleasing negligence ensnare."

The fashion of educating all ranks of young women alike, is the cause why all ranks of women attempt to dress alike. If the brazier's daughter is taught to sing, dance, and play like the heiress to an earldom, we must not be surprised that she will also emulate the decorations of her rival. We see her imitate the coronet on lady Mary's brows: and, though miss Molly may possibly not be able to have hers of gems, foil-stones produce a similar effect; then she looks for rings, bracelets, armlets, to give appropriate grace to the elegant arts she has learned to practise; and, when she is thus arrayed, she plays away the wanton and the fool, till some libertine of fortune buys her either for a wife or a mistress.

Were girls of the plebeian classes brought up in the praise-worthy habits of domestic duties; had they learned how to manage a house, how to economise and produce comfort at the least expense at their father's frugal yet hospitable table; we should not hear of dancing-masters and music-masters, of French and Italian masters; they would have no time for them. We should not see gaudy robes and glittering trin-

kets dangling on the counter, or shining at a Sunday ordinary; they would not know where to show them:—we should not be told of seductions, or ruins: the appearance of these young women would not attract the flatterer, and their simple hearts not know the desires of luxury and vanity.

After having drawn this agreeable picture of her who has well chosen, I will leave this modern daughter of industry to her discreet and virtuous simplicity; and once more turn to her whose fortune and station render greater change and expense in apparel not only admissible but commendable. A woman with adequate means, when she fills an extensive wardrobe, encourages the arts and manufactures of her country, and replenishes the scanty purse of many a laborious family.

At this period of universal talent, articles of dress may be purchased at a price so insignificant as hardly to be named, or at the vast cost of half a fortune. A pretty muslin gown may be bought by the village girl for ten shillings; while a robe of the same material, but of a finer quality, cannot be purchased by a lady of rank for less than as many guineas. Indian muslin wrought with gold or silver is nearly as costly as the stately brocades of our ancestors, but it is infinitely more elegant.

Indeed, when we look back upon their heavy fashions, we cannot but see that in almost every respect the advantage of the change is on our side. With the stiffness of cloth of gold and embroidered tissues, have also disappeared the enormous pile of hair, furbelows, feathers, diamond towers, windmills, &c. which a certain witty poet used to denominate "the building of the head." Now, easy tresses, the shining braid, the flowing ringlet confined by the *antique* comb or bodkin, give graceful specimens of the simple taste of modern beauty. Nothing can correspond more elegantly with the untrammelled drapery of our newly-adopted classic raiment than this undecorated *coiffure* of nature.

While we find that the pious bishop Latimer remonstrated with the females of his time against the monstrous superfluity of their "roundabouts, artificial hips, &c. &c." and recommended to their use the "honest *single* garment;"—our moralists, equally pious, take up the argument on the contrary side, and justly condemn the too adhesive and transparent robe worn by our contemporary belles. On this subject we must dissent from the venerable reformer of the sixteenth century; and agree with those of the nineteenth, that the *single garment* (as the texture now usually is) is not a meet covering for a Christian damsel.

I am sorry to be obliged to call to your observation, my gentle friends, that the modern fair have deviated widely from that medium between the Bacchante and the Vestal, which a decreet candidate for admiration would wish to preserve. The nature of man is prone to extremities: and, flying from the heavy farthingale and the stuffed petticoat, women assume almost the Spartan guise; and, not meeting minds in the opposite sex as pure as those in Lacedæmon, no wonder that the chaste matron, called upon to foretell the consequence, should remain silent, and veil her head.

"Good sense," says La Rochefoucault, "should be the test of all rule, whether ancient or modern. Whatever is incompatible with good sense must be false." Modesty should, on the same principle, be the test of the propriety of all personal apparel or ornament: for

whatever is incompatible with her ordinances, must degrade and betray.

Hence you will perceive, my young readers, that in no case a true friend or lover would wish you to discover to the eye more of the "form divine" than can be indistinctly descried through the mysterious involvements of, at least, three successive folds of drapery. Love, friendship, and real taste, are alike delicate.

To the exposure of the bosom and back, as some ladies display those parts of their person, what shall we say? This mode (like every other which is carried to excess and indiscriminately followed) is not only repugnant to decency, but most exceedingly disadvantageous to the charms of nine women out of ten. The bosom and shoulders of a very young and fair girl may be displayed without exciting much displeasure or disgust; the beholder regards the too prodigal exhibition, not as the act of the youthful innocent, but as the effect of accident, or perhaps the designed exposure of some ignorant dresser. But, when a woman, grown to the age of discretion, of her own choice, "unveils her beauties to the sun and moon;" then, from even a Helen's charms, the sated eye turns away loathing. It has discerned the licentious heart beneath the swelling breast, and its beauties no longer captivate. Again, I repeat, the libertine, the gross Epicurean, may feast his imbruted gaze upon a form so stripped of decency; for he is a creature whose senses are bent to the earth, and the basest offerings are his banquet. But a man of delicacy, of worth, turns from the couch of sensuality, though Venus herself reposed there; and with celestial rapture clasps to his warm and noble heart the unsunned bosom of the chaste and vestal-enwrapped fair.

Were we even, in a frantic and impious passion, to set virtue aside, policy should direct our damsels to be more sparing of their attractions. An unrestrained indulgence of the eye robs imagination of her power, and prevents her consequent influence on the heart. And, if this be the case where real beauty is exposed, how much more subversive of its aim must be the stu ied display of an ordinary or deformed figure! The monstrous exhibition which some women make of their backs below the *scapula*, is a fashion that sets taste at defiance. Even with the fairest forms and finest skins, this practice is injurious to the desired effect. It discovers a part of the shape which, if not seen wholly, (that is, all together with the whole of the well-shaped bust) is far from being pleasing. The beauty of the back depends upon the general outline seen at once, where, with a single glance, you can take in the finely undulating line which, gently swelling from muscle to muscle, completes the perfect form. However, bad as the taste is in this respect, we must congratulate ourselves that vanity has not yet trod so far on modesty as to make her votaries unveil themselves to the waist.

Judgement, as well as decency, declares, that it is sufficient in evening and full dress to disrobe the back of the neck to the top of the delicate undulation on the rise of the shoulder. Women, according to the fineness of their skins and proportions, must accept or decline the privileges which modesty grants. It is preposterous for her who is of a brown, dingy, or speckled complexion, to disarray her neck and arms as her fairer rival may. A clear brunette

has as much liberty in this respect, as the fairest; but not so the muddy-skinned and ill-formed. A candid consideration of our pretensions on these subjects, and an impartial judgement, must decide our style of apparel, and consequently our respectability with the discerning.

Perhaps it is necessary to remind my readers, that custom regulates the veiling or unveiling the figure, according to different periods in the day. In the morning, the arms and bosom must be completely covered to the throat and wrists. From the dinner-hour to the termination of the day, the arms, to a graceful height above the elbow, may be bare, and the neck and shoulders unveiled; as far as delicacy will allow.

(To be continued.)

JEALOUSY.

(Continued from page 266.)

HELMINA, as soon as she received Ruhlsberg's letter with the ring inclosed, was decided upon the conduct which it was proper to pursue. She knew that his quitting Sleswick was the best method that could be adopted in the existing circumstances. By accepting his ring, therefore, and by giving him another in return, she effectually enjoined this measure: at the same time, she did not conceive that she was exchanging with Ruhlsberg a token of love, but merely that she was acknowledging her sense of his tenderness and devotion, in a manner which was due to sentiments so pure, and to a conduct so generous.

Ruhlsberg received the ring; and his heart trembled with a sort of undefined and portentous dread. A future—an appalling future—seemed, in that moment, to be unveiled to his sight.

Too weak to support his griefs in solitude, he went to visit the Countess Mulhausen, of whose conduct and designs he was wholly unsuspicious. He wished, in taking leave of her upon his quitting Sleswick, to secure the privilege of corresponding with her; for he looked upon this as the most probable mean of gaining some intelligence of Helmina in his retreat. That barbarous woman coolly observed his inward despair, and triumphed in the success of her wicked schemes. Beneath the mask of friendship, she detailed every circumstance most affecting to her unhappy guest, and planted a thousand daggers in the heart which turned to her for consolation.

The mind of Ruhlsberg, enfeebled by suffering, unlocked itself to this false friend; and, before he quitted her, she became possessed of two important secrets—that of his having painted the portrait of Helmina, in her character of the Holstein peasant—and that which he held much more sacred—the circumstance of her having exchanged with him a ring, in order to signify her wishes for his immediate absence from Sleswick. The unsuspicious Ruhlsberg believed that his frankness must have justified his own conduct and Helmina's in the opinion of the Countess; and he little thought that he had been laying himself open to Helmina's rival, and to his own bitter enemy.

Ruhlsberg quitted Sleswick a few hours after his interview with Madame Mulhausen; and, the next day, he arrived at Altona, where he had determined to fix his abode. Yet the sacrifice, made by this virtuous lover to the reputation of the woman he adored, could not silence the voice of slander, nor appease the malevolence of jealousy. Ruhlsberg's departure from Sleswick was represented there as furnishing a new proof of Mrs. Patterson's misconduct.

The unfortunate Helmina was made acquainted with the general opinion by Mr. Patterson himself: he told her it was reported, that Mr. Ruhlsberg did not quit Sleswick before he had triumphed over the honor of Mrs. Patterson; and he told her so with the indignation of a man who believes himself justly offended by the alienation of his wife's affections, and by the levity of her conduct, though still she ma have stopped short of actual crime. This was too much for the fainting spirits of Helmina: the malady, which had so long hung upon her, now rapidly increased; and she appeared ill even to the most superficial observers. Sleswick became insupportable to her; and she entreated her husband to take her to a country residence which he had at the distance of a few miles from the city.—This Mr. Patterson immediately did, as much in compliance with the entreaties of his wife, as for the sake of sheltering himself from those shafts of ridicule which he was sensible had been liberally showered upon him by the scandal-mongers at Sleswick.

But in this abode Helmina did not long remain.—Mr. Patterson had his reasons for thinking it too much in the neighbourhood of Sleswick. By some unlooked-for channel, Helmina, while in this place, might hear news of Ruhlsberg; and Mr. Patterson determined, that, if he could prevent it, she should never more hear of a man who had won her heart, injured her reputation, and (as, in his jealous moments, Mr. Patterson was inclined to think) perhaps triumphed over her honor. In pursuance of his resolution, therefore, he took his wife to a castle which he possessed, at the distance of two hundred miles from Sleswick. Here he brooded over his half-formed suspicions, till they assumed the shape of realities. In consequence of this, his behaviour to Helmina became intolerable; and, after she had lived three months in this dismal solitude, the news arrived at Sleswick of the death of this innocent creature. Her slanderers repented their cruelty too late; and rendered that justice to her character after she was lost to the world, which, had it been earlier given, would have preserved her in it.

To return to our hero—The Countess Mulhausen had gained a powerful ascendency over his mind by the interest he took in her correspondence; and the hope of possessing his affections once more revived in her heart. She had apprised Ruhlsberg of Helmina's departure for the residence so distant from Sleswick; and she had the art of appearing to participate so tenderly in the affliction which she knew this intelligence would give him, that he was overwhelmed with gratitude, and expressed himself in those affecting terms which are always assumed by an unfortunate lover, when he speaks to a friend who sympathises with him.

While Madame Mulhausen was drawing conclusions the most favorable to her wishes from every grateful expression which Ruhlsberg used towards her, the news arrived at Sleswick of the death of the unfortunate Helmina. The Countess, as soon as she had heard it, influenced her husband to advise her setting out instantly for Altona, in order to soften as much as possible, to the afflicted Ruhlsberg, a blow so fatal to his happiness.

Madame Mulhausen arrived at Altona: Ruhlsberg saw her, looked earnestly in her face, shuddered, and dared not ask a question.—Struck with the ravages which grief had made in the appearance of this un-

happy man, and with the agitation he discovered at the sight of her, the Countess burst into tears. She was attempting to prepare him for the sad intelligence she brought, when Ruhlsberg, with a look of desperate courage, stopped her, grasped her hand, and exclaimed, "One word only. Does Helmina live?"—"No!" answered the Countess in a broken voice.—That fatal word sunk into the soul of Ruhlsberg. He remains in a death-like silence, and smiles bitterly at the consolations she endeavours to offer him.

Presently he ordered preparations to be made for his immediate departure from Altona; and he did so with that apathy and serenity which spring from a settled despair. "Friendship is all indulgence," said he to the Countess:—"leave me: your presence weakens my courage; and a single word from your lips might destroy it.—If I am to bear the burden of existence, it can be only at Leitmankor. If I am to die, let it be in the midst of those objects which may revive the image of my beloved." Thus saying, he threw himself into his carriage, hiding his head within his crossed arms, as though he would shut himself from the voice of man, and from the light of day.

Astonished, mortified, despairing, the Countess was persuaded that she must, for the present, resign all hope of gaining the affections of Ruhlsberg: but she stopped not to consider that she had escaped his deadly hatred solely through his ignorance of her conduct and designs.

Ruhlsberg arrived at Leitmankor, wasted by a devouring fever: but the lamentations which he heard there for the loss of Helmina, were sounds soothing to his heart; and his tears flowed in torrents, when he looked upon the eyes that wept for her. So respectable was his grief, and so resistless the influence of his irreproachable character, that those very inhabitants of Sleswick, who, by their thoughtless slanders, had effected the ruin of his happiness, waited upon him at Leitmankor, to express their sincere participation in his sorrow, and to testify their firm faith in the innocence and good conduct of the departed Helmina.

Cold to the reparation thus attempted by those whose sense of justice was awakened too late, Ruhlsberg denied himself to all his visitors. Buried in profound retirement, he nourished his grief, and the sweet memorials of his passion. His imagination dwelt upon Helmina, such as he had seen her upon earth: it pursued her to heaven, and clothed her with all those celestial graces which appeared congenial to the purity of her soul. Grief, and tears, and sighs, and tenderness, hung in soft mists over the picture of the past:—hope illumined the prospect of the future. The past and the future were ever before the mind of Ruhlsberg: but it dwelt not a moment upon that terrible and mysterious passage, which we call death!

(To be continued.) page 351

Summary of the KORAN.

(From Chatfield's "Historical Review, &c. of Hindostan")

OF the Koran it may be said, that, if it contain many sublime expressions on the being and attributes of the Supreme, its general character is altogether unworthy the high credit which has frequently been attached to it. It abounds with notions the most absurd and fantastic, and with principles the most impious and contradictory. "The whole," says an eastern traveller, "is a flat, fastidious composition, a chaos of unmeaning phrases, an emphatical declamation

on the attributes of God, from which nothing is to be learned; a collection of puerile tales, and ridiculous fables; nor would it, perhaps, be difficult to demonstrate, that the convulsions of the governments, for the last 1,200 years, and the ignorance of the people in the eastern quarter of the globe, have originated more or less immediately in the Koran and its morality." The prophet speaks of angels, genii, purgatory, or a place of rest between hell and paradise, of the state of the soul, and a resurrection, in terms too monstrous to be described. His day of judgement is a libel against the mercy, and his sensual paradise a disgrace to the purity, of the Divine Majesty. The ground work of these opinions is manifestly to be traced from purer sources; but the fancy, or craft, of the impostor has built upon it a theory more suitable to the warm temper and imagination of his countrymen. It is not, however, to be denied, that there are degrees of happiness in this paradise, nor are spiritual pleasures wholly excluded; but such delights are not brought to the level of the vulgar, who eagerly seise upon objects palpable and familiar to their senses; they are only formed to captivate the wise and the reflecting; and therefore, among the Mahomedan doctors, there are some, who, to avoid the unfavorable impression made by such descriptions, refer the luxurious images and gross conceptions of the Koran to an allegorical acceptation. These nice discriminations cannot, however, be made by the ignorant Moslem, who, whilst the choice of such pleasures is un-attended with evil, and even not contradicted by the plain text of the Koran, will not hesitate to prefer the enjoyments of sense, which are obvious and intelligible, to those of pure intellect and refined abstraction.

Mahomed was severe in his prohibition of wine, in the fast of the Ramâdan, in stated prayers and ablutions, and the absolute necessity of the pilgrimage to Mecca; but the unbounded indulgence he allowed his disciples in matters of more essential importance, amply repaid them for a few trifling corporeal restraints: "God," says he to them, "is minded to make his religion light unto you, for man is weak." How different this from the un-accommodating purity of the gospel, which charges men, not only to have regard to their actions, but even to their very thoughts, so that they be just and upright!

Of the external rites prescribed by the Koran, it may be observed, that the system of ablutions was only an improvement, or rather a renewal, of the practice of all eastern nations, with whom frequent purifications were as much a religious duty, as an essential requisite of health. The Arabians, the Persians, the Indians, the Jews, all practised this rite, and attached to it peculiar degrees of sanctity. Mahomed carried this practice to the highest pitch of extravagance, imitating, in a great measure, the rigid traditions of the Hebrews. In the Koran, prayer, fasting, and alms, have each a separate scale of merit, a stated appointment, and regulation. "Prayer," said an Arabian Caliph, "carries us half way to God; fasting brings us to the door of his palace; and alms procure us admission." The Brahmins seem also to have attached the highest merit to charitable actions, and more especially to those wherein a Brahmin was concerned. They have artfully adjusted particular degrees of reward, according to the value of the gift, and assigned to their benefactors proportionate durations of bliss, in their celestial regions.

The pilgrimage to Mecca grew out of the excessive veneration of the Arabs for the Caâba, or the stone building in the temple, to which the devout pilgrims, from the most remote antiquity, had been accustomed to pay a high reverence. All the eastern nations appear to have been anxious to derive the institutes of their religion from Abraham, whose name is celebrated throughout all the east. The pagan Arabs made this patriarch the founder of their oratory, and had attached to it the most superstitious ceremonies. The prophet was, however, desirous of abolishing the reverence paid to this place: but he found the stream of prejudice so violent in its favor, that he deemed it wiser to convert its sanctity to his own purposes, and thus gain the affection of a powerful tribe, by making it the resort of his followers. According to one of his traditions, "he who dies without performing it, may as well die a Jew or a Christian;" and the observance of this pilgrimage is most strictly commanded in the Koran. Nor was this custom merely confined to the Arabs of the desert, or to the nations immediately bordering on it; but it was carried by them into all the countries which they had either subdued as conquerors, or visited as friends. Pilgrimages, therefore, became frequent from the distant quarters of the world; and it was not un-usual to meet, at the sacred shrine, devotees from Spain, the islands of Europe, the shores and interior of Africa, Hindostan, and the isles of the eastern ocean. "When a Mahomedan king dies," says Tavernier, "it is the custom for his successor to send the great lords of his court to Mecca, with presents, as well to engage them to pray for the soul of the deceased, as also to give thanks to God and Mahomed, for the coming of a new king to the throne without any impediment, and to pray for the blessing of victory over all his enemies." The Portuguese writers mention a similar circumstance in one of the kings of the coast, on their first visit to India; and nothing has probably more contributed, than the sanctity affixed to the observance of this rite, to support the long-declining credit of the Koran.

Concerning the multitude of other ceremonies which the prophet has enjoined to his disciples, he does not attempt to ground them upon any reasonable design, or to prove their subserviency to any moral purposes; but contents himself with stating, that they are arbitrary appointments, not really good in themselves, but as they are commanded by God, to try the obedience of mankind, and therefore to be complied with.

On Resignation *to Providence.*

(From Mrs. More's "Practical Piety.")

Let us confess, that in all the trying circumstances of this changeful scene, there is something infinitely soothing to the feelings of a Christian, something inexpressibly tranquillising to his mind, to know that he has nothing to do with events but to submit to them; that he has nothing to do with the revolutions of life but to acquiesce in them, as the dispensations of eternal wisdom; that he has not to take the management out of the hands of Providence, but submissively to follow the divine leading; that he has not to contrive for to-morrow, but to acquiesce to-day; not to condition about events yet to come, but to meet those which are present with cheerful resignation. Let him be thankful, that, as he could not by foreseeing prevent them, so he was not permitted to foresee them; thankful for ignorance, where knowledge

would only prolong without preventing suffering; thankful for that grace which has promised that our strength shall be proportioned to our day; thankful, that, as he is not responsible for trials which he has not brought on himself, so by the goodness of God these trials may be improved to the noblest purposes. The quiet acquiescence of the heart, the annihilation of the will under actual circumstances, be the trial great or small, is more acceptable to God, more indicative of true piety, than the strongest general resolutions of firm acting and deep submission under the most trying unborn events. In the remote case, it is the imagination which submits; in the actual case, it is the will.

We are too ready to imagine that there is no other way of serving God but by active exertions—exertions which are often made because they indulge our natural taste, and gratify our own inclinations. But it is an error to imagine that God, by putting us into any supposable situation, puts it out of our power to glorify him; that he can place us under any circumstances which may not be turned to some account, either for ourselves or others. Joseph, in his prison, under the strongest disqualifications, loss of liberty, and a blasted reputation, made way both for his own high advancement, and for the deliverance of Israel. Daniel, in his dungeon, not only the destined prey, but in the very jaws, of furious beasts, converted the king of Babylon, and brought him to the knowledge of the true God. Could prosperity have effected the former? Would not prosperity have prevented the latter?

SAPPHO; *an Historic Romance.*

(*Continued from page* 245.)

SAPPHO usually passed the evening in a spacious and charming garden, which Scamandronymus had ornamented with the most beautiful statues, and an assemblage of the richest monuments of art. The infinite variety of flowers, and abundance of delicious fruit, charmed the eye by the brilliancy of their colors, and the smell by the sweetness of their perfume.—Sappho cultivated them with her own hands: she employed the flowers as living models for her pencil; and the early fruits she placed on the table of her father, where the guests applauded her skill and industry. The numerous birds which found a happy asylum in the garden, were reared and cherished under her peculiar care.

"Rhodopè!" said Sappho after a long silence, "these flowers are no longer agreeable to me. To bring water from the limpid brooks, and to support their drooping stems, was once my greatest pleasure. Now my full heart beholds them with cold indifference. These sparkling waters, whose petulance and rapidity seem to express the most lively gaiety, and to dispose the mind to joy—the cascade, which, in this grotto consecrated to silence, invites to sleep, and rolls in gentle murmurs into the marble basin, saddens by its importunate monotony, and has lost all charms for me."

She continued her discourse, until they reached the bank of a large basin, from the middle of which arose a fountain scattering the waters in the air to an immense height, and fell again in drops of liquid crystal on the lake filled with an infinite variety of sportive fishes. The unhappy Sappho seated herself near Rhodopè on the verdant turf—silent, and immersed in the melancholy of gloomy reflexion.

The Zephyrs gently agitated the leaves of the trees laden with fruit—

waved the stems of the flowers, and sported in the scattered tresses of Sappho, whose eyes wandered on the surface of the lake.

She could no longer contain her feelings, but, in a plaintive and melancholy voice, exclaimed—"All nature is at peace: these flowers are brilliant: the air is pure and tranquil: the sky is serene: the birds warble and sport on the branches, where they find an asylum and repose: the fishes that are confined in the lake, seem to be ignorant of their slavery:—I alone, in the midst of this universal tranquillity, am the sport of the most cruel tempest."—Her tears flowed afresh, and impeded her utterance.

Rhodopè, in an accent expressive of the tenderest compassion, said—"O my daughter!—my mistress will pardon the familiarity of the expression—the violence of your grief exceeds the effects of an ordinary passion. In a moment, your love has increased to a degree of desperation, which (if I may rely on experience) it does not attain but by long and unwearied attentions.—Alas! my daughter! you are persecuted by Venus! have you ever perchance offended her? If you have, endeavour to appease her wrath by sacrifice, by offerings and prayer."

Sappho was pensive and silent: her eyes were bent to the ground; but, raising her hand to her forehead after a pause, she said sorrowfully, "Your words overwhelm me with afflicting apprehensions. Alas! can the gods delight in vengeance?"—"The gods," replied Rhodopè, "reward with liberality, and punish with rigor.—Have you forgotten the histories that you learned in your childhood—the torments of the unfortunate shades—the pains of Tantalus, of Sisyphus, and of Tityus—awful examples of the vengeance of the offended deities?"

Sappho instantly exclaimed in violent agitation, "O Venus! I now feel thy resentment in the excess of my misery."—"Have you neglected the altars of the goddess?" said Rhodopè anxiously—"or insulted the power of her son?"

"Wretch that I am! I have incurred the anger of that powerful divinity. Not long since, my mother ordered me to present two doves at the festival of Venus:—moved to pity by their lamentable tones, I loosened their bonds; and they fled to the recesses of the neighbouring woods. I now recollect with terror, that I heard a sudden clap of thunder, which undoubtedly announced some great calamity."—"O my daughter!" said the slave,—"humble yourself before the power of your enemy."

They now arose, and turned their steps toward an aviary, where, among a variety of other birds, were doves, reserved and fed both for the table and the altar—living in peaceful tranquillity, ignorant of their destiny, and accustomed fearlessly to approach the hand which was to destroy them.—Happy ignorance of the future! Oh! that man, so proud of the enjoyment of reason, could taste its delights!—But the rage of accumulation, bodily disease, mental anxiety, and the fear of death—all, by sad anticipation, deprave and destroy the pleasures of the present moment.

Rhodopè chose two of the most beautiful doves, and, turning towards her mistress, "To-morrow, at the rising of Aurora, we will carry them to the temple of Venus."—"Most willingly, my tender friend," replied Sappho, whose tears still continued to flow—oppressed at once by the torments of love and the terror of divine vengeance.

Time had flown rapidly during this conversation, in which their

hearts were so nearly interested.—Darkness closed around; and a solemn silence reigned in the air, which had lately resounded with the tuneful notes of a thousand aërial songsters. The moon arose in softened brilliancy: already her disk was visible through the intervening branches waved by the impulse of the evening Zephyrs: the sparkling fountains seemed to shine with a more silvery and softened lustre by the reflexion of the pale rays of the moon: —but, if the night was calm, the heart of Sappho was a prey to the most cruel agitation: she was overwhelmed by gloomy apprehension: —her head reclined, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her arms on her breast, she walked toward the paternal mansion, supported by Rhodopè, who in vain endeavoured, by the most tender solicitude, to give consolation to her afflicted mistress.

The Zephyr no longer breathes: —the wearied husbandman under the thatch, the warrior in his tent, the monarch under the splendid cieling of his palace, the bird under the humid leaves, and the deer in the cave, all alike resign themselves to the charms of renovating sleep.—Sappho alone cannot close her eyes: she turns in vain on her couch, which appears a bed of thorns. In constant agitation, she sighs for the soft influence of sleep, which flies her eyelids wet with constant tears. —In a corner of the apartment stood a feeble lamp, whose pale glimmering rays sufficed to enlighten the darkness, without disturbing sleep, the friend of obscurity; and near to it sat Rdodopè, tranquilly spinning, and attentive to the slightest motion of her mistress.

Sappho, exhausted with fatigue, finds at length in the arms of sleep a transient relief from her torments: —the faithful slave perceives it—quits her occupation to look on her mistress: —dumb and motionless, she hardly breathes, that she may not interrupt so desirable a blessing. But in vain does Morpheus pour the waters of Lethè on a heart in which Venus had kindled an undying flame: all the poppies of the fertile plains of Asia could not calm her passion. The unfortunate maid suddenly starts up, in that condition which borders between sleeping and waking:—she staggered a few paces, her eyelids half closed, and in broken sighs exclaimed—"Ah! wretched maid!...... Barbarous Phaon! .....Venus, forgive me!"

Rhodopè witnessed her delirium, and, fearing that she might fall, ran forward to support her.—At her approach, Sappho awoke to perfect recollection: the illusion of her dream disappears in the certainty of her misery.—"Cruel Rhodopè! why did you disturb the fugitive happiness which dispelled a portion of my wretchedness?" and she immediately quitted the apartment, to breathe with greater freedom.

Rhodopè, ignorant of her intention, and dreading every thing from the excess of her agitation, hastily advanced, and caught her in her arms.—"What do you fear?" said Sappho.—"Your despair," replied Rhodopè.—"Let me contemplate the heavens," said Sappho in a softened tone: "let my sighs exhale in liberty. I cannot breathe in this confined apartment: it increases my anguish."—Rhodopè, who held her closely embraced, now ceased to detain her; and Sappho, looking steadfastly at the full-orbed moon, which had already attained the meridian of its course, said, "Fair Queen of night! thou wast a lover, and art perhaps a lover still. Even the immortal inhabitants of Olympus do not escape the influence of love.—

Thou quittedst the azure vault of heaven, to conceal thy love in obscurity, and to contemplate, during his sleep, the beautiful Endymion.—Have pity on me! can I, a feeble mortal, resist a power to which even the gods bow submissive?"

Her sighs and lamentations are heard no more: and now the notes of the plaintive Philomela re-echo in the expanse, and fill the air with their melancholy cadence. Sappho listens attentively to her song, and anxiously looks to the lofty shade, whence issued those doleful sounds, so analogous to her situation. At times she would recline languishingly on the turf, and in a moment rise, and walk with the utmost rapidity.—She passed the remainder of the night oppressed by the tumult and agitation of her thoughts, and listening to the mournful tones of the nightingale.—At length, Aurora appeared on the borders of the east; and already the fringe of her purple robe was visible.—The moon turned pale at her approach.—"Let us go to the temple," said Rhodopè: "the gates open with the sun."—"Oh goddess!" said Sappho, "be appeased: nor attribute to impiety my compassion for the feeble victims that had been intended for thy altar."

Rhodopè now encircled the scattered tresses of her mistress with a splendid fillet, to which she attached her veil, whose folds became the sport of the morning Zephyrs: her brilliant tunic, whose colors effaced those of the beautiful Iris, was fastened beneath her palpitating breast with a golden zone; and she attached light buskins to her feet.—The toilette of Sappho finished, she threw over her shoulders a mantle, under which the offering was concealed. Sappho, followed by Rhodopè, quitted the mansion unperceived, and hastened towards the temple of the goddess who distributes at random the most exquisite pleasures, and the most cruel torments.

As they proceed, the morning dawns: the Zephyrs gently raise their veils, and shake the trembling leaves of the forest trees, which resound with the warblings of a thousand birds singing their matin salutations to the orient sun, whose first rays gild the borders of the clouds.—Charming sight for the husbandman, who, refreshed by tranquil sleep, resumes the course of his occupations; but void of attraction for a heart cruelly wounded by love!—Sad in the midst of these smiling objects, Sappho, with faltering steps, pursued her way through flowery meads sparkling with the pearls of morning dew.

They soon reached the temple, which stood only at the distance of twice a javelin's throw from the city. It was surrounded by oaks of venerable appearance: the sacred front towered high above their green summits, floating in the wind.—The gates were already open.—All around is one vast portico, supported by columns of white marble, to which were attached the gifts offered to the goddess. The sanctuary resounds with the voices of the priestesses, who sing the morning hymn in honor of the divinity; and the fumes of the sacrifices ascend to the arched roofs in spiry volumes of smoke.

The trembling Sappho was struck with religious awe on entering the temple:—when she came opposite the statue of Venus, she placed at her feet the offering of the two doves:—with downcast eyes, and her arms across her breast, she prayed aloud to the powerful deity.—At a short distance, stood Rhodopè, whose posture indicated fervent invocation. "O powerful goddess! I

suffer from the most envenomed arrow of thy son.—With thy own hand, thou hast dipped it in mortal poison. Some pleasure is usually mingled with the pains of love: but, as for me, I yet have experienced only the latter.—The various torments, which afflict unfortunate lovers, are all united in me. I love to desperation, without being loved in return; and, to fill up the measure of my distress, thou hast refused me the power to please, after having prodigally bestowed it on him for whom I die! Be appeased, lovely and powerful goddess! If I have deprived thy altars of two doves, accept these—accept me as thy willing victim.—If thou takest pleasure in vengeance, let this suffice:—behold into what an abyss of misery I am fallen, even at the first step—I, the most wretched of lovers!"—Thus prayed Sappho, whose cheeks were furrowed with un-availing tears.

(To be continued.)

Curious CAVERNS *near* NOTTINGHAM.

(From the "Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet.")

THE excavations in the park of the duke of Newcastle (which lies contiguous to the castle, seated nobly on the verge of a high precipitous rock, at the western end of the town of Nottingham) are not only the largest of the kind in England, but the most singular for their curious structure and magnificence. They are formed in a low cliff, where the rocky stratum terminates abruptly, and from whose base extend those rich and beautiful meadows through which the river Trent pursues his winding and rapid course. . . .

There are no records or documents of any sort extant, by which the origin of these caverned habitations might be ascertained; nor is there, perhaps, such an assemblage of apartments in any rock in Europe. We cannot hesitate, however, in referring the formation of them to the most ancient times: and, as the whole is left to conjecture, without a violation of probability, they may be ascribed, in their rudest state, to the aborigines of the island, when, before the invasion by Julius Cæsar, they made their habitations among rocks and woods; or in the period of their succeeding invaders, from whose irresistible power the Britons, vanquished and dismayed, might have escaped, and here sought for shelter in secret caves, surrounded by woods, which, in those times, might have been to the enemy impervious. In more peaceful days, these rude abodes, which had been the asylum of terrified fugitives, may have been converted to the use of religion, and occupied by anchorets, or by communities of holy persons, before that period had arrived when the minds of men had become more enlightened, and the intercourse of society, assisted by mutual want, had instructed them to look out for more comfortable habitations, and to raise monasteries. The cell of the hermit was not invariably separated and solitary. The persecutions of Decius and Valerian, we are told, drove numbers of pious Christians to a life of prayer and abstinence, in wild places, remote from towns; and it is a fact not to be questioned, that several ancient eremites, as St. Antony, &c. though they abstracted themselves from general society, and lived recluse in deserts, were yet accompanied by other persons of similar habits and cast of temper.

In these excavations, which constitute a most singular and grotesque appearance, when viewed in the extent of the whole front of the rock, are to be traced an assemblage of

perforations; among them is a kitchen, hollowed through the sandy stratum to the upper surface; there is likewise the appearance of a dove-cote, with a great variety of cells, one of which may be considered as having been a chapel...... With the exception of the more magnificent structure at Stonehenge, there is none in the kingdom so curious perhaps as this, or more deserving of antiquarian inspection; and, thus 'practised in the living rock,' it is said (though the assimilation is probably nothing but the effect of fancy, or of a confused recollection) that it bears a strong resemblance to the chapel formed in the rocks at Bethlehem, and other places in the Holy Land. Like those excavated places of worship, this has pillars hewn out of the solid mass of stone in the ruder style of Gothic architecture, which give their support to a vaulted roof, fashioned also into compartments of a similar cast. On the face of the rocks steps are yet visible, which may be inferred to have led to an upper apartment, now mouldered away; as, indeed, has been the case with a considerable part of this edifice, the joint composition of nature and of art. From the appearance which it now makes, there is little to convey to the spectator an idea of its having been the continued abode of man. In the rudest state of society, we find, in a degree accommodated to the climate of the country, appropriate conveniences, and effectual shelter from the inclemencies of the seasons; but here we see no vestiges either of one or the other—there are no cells of retirement, nor rooms of any description, which are not exposed to the weather. In the hermitage at Warkworth in Northumberland, and in the sequestered retreats at Wetherel, on the river Eden, near Carlisle, we are in admiration at the snugness and comfortable disposition of the several rooms; and it would therefore be absurd to suppose that principles, which must be acknowledged to be general, and to have been universally adopted by men in similar situations, should not have occurred to the recluses who had excavated for themselves places of adode or of concealment amongst these rocks at Nottingham. There is analogy in most things, and from common usage we are warranted in our determinations on a particular instance; from such reasoning then I cannot hesitate to conclude, that very much of the external part of the 'Rock Holes' has, by time, or some other as efficient cause, been removed; and that what is now seen as the superficies of the rock, was, in former times, the inner walls of rooms in several places.

Thus singular in their nature, unique in their appearance, it may be considered rather as an odd circumstance, that these excavations should have been so little described or made known to the world. By the ingenious Dr. Thornton they have been noticed in his provincial History; and from the few remarks which he has made on them, it might have been supposed, that the attention of the curious would have been attracted to further investigation, and to a more minute antiquarian research. In times not very remote, local tradition (however deficient in other more important recitals) affirms, that this retreat was surrounded by trees, which, overshadowing it with their branches, may be supposed to have cast a solemn gloom around the consecrated spot, and to have rendered the scene more fit for solitude and abstracted meditation. The river Leen, in many a playful mæander, flows round the very skirts of the rock, excluding

all access to it, but where an artificial passage has been formed on the side towards the castle, and by a reflexion from its waters of the monuments of the piety and industry of ancient times, gives an embellishment highly pleasing and picturesque to the scenery.

The stone of this cliff being of a dry, porous, free, sandy nature, was admirably adapted to the uses to which it has been applied; and, in a variety of places on the eastern skirts of the town, it occurred to my observation, that the suburbian inhabitants had taken a hint from these excavations, and had formed for themselves houses, whose walls were of a more ancient date than those of the tower of Babel, or of the pyramids.

On this aspect in particular there are hollows in the rock, which, to this day, retain the name of 'The Hermitage;' and, in the meadows at Sneinton, where a pleasant pathway leads to Colwick, the seat of John Musters, esq. there is the most grotesque assemblage of natural and artificial composition—houses upon the cliff and below it; houses in front of it and within it; in short, in almost every possible mode that ingenuity could invent, or persevering industry execute. No less whimsical than uncommon is the appearance which such an intermixture exhibits; and it adds to a stranger's admiration, when, on a stricter survey, he discovers curiosities of a similar, though more laborious nature, consisting of vaults and cellars, hewn out of the rock, beneath the foundations of almost every old house in the town, some of which are of so great a depth as to require a hundred steps to conduct the curious explorer to the bottom, where, in one instance at least, at the Blackmore's Head inn, he will meet with the additional gratification of beholding a pond of water usually filled with tench or carp.

These cellars (for whose extreme depth I can find no sufficient cause) are supposed to have been excavated at a very remote period, whilst, over them, during a succession of ages, buildings have fallen to decay, and been restored in a more modern style of architecture. From them, and a variety of other 'Subterranes,' did the town acquire its appellation; Nottingham being no more, as antiquarians inform us, than a soft contraction of the Saxon word Snottengaham, whose signification is '*Speluncarum Domus**.'

*** *Of the Castle, mentioned in the preceding extract, the following particulars are subjoined.*

Standing on the verge of an abrupt and deep precipice, when in its castellated state, it must have exhibited a most romantic, and, on this aspect, an impregnable appearance. In a very early period, as an earth-work, it seems to have been possessed by the Britons, from the vast slaughter of whom, by Humber, a piratical chieftain of the north, it acquired the title of the Dolorous Hill, or Golgotha. Afterwards, when it boasted a tower, by the obstinate defence of a body of Danes, it held out in a long siege against the kings of Mercia and of the West Saxons. Nor was it esteemed less highly as a place of defence by the Normans; for, almost immediately after the conquest of the kingdom, a castle was erected by William Peveral, a natural son of the Conqueror; which structure, during several of the succeeding reigns, acquired such strength as (by additional buildings, and, on two sides, the un-approachable nature of the rock) to be enabled to withstand all the aggressions of open force that

* *The House of Caverns.*

were made upon it in after times. Into the very centre, however, of the fortress did the enterprising Edward III. penetrate, and therein seise Mortimer, earl of March, and the queen mother: but this was effected by the mean of a subterraneous passage, excavated through the bowels of this vast rock, and forming, by steps, a communication from the summit to its base, which opened into the meadows by the Leen side, and was probably intended by the founder of the castle as a sally-port, or way by which men or provisions, in case of a siege, might be introduced. To this incident is it indebted for the appellation, which it even now retains, of Mortimer's Hole. In consequence of the effectual stand which it made for Charles I. when the civil wars were at an end, Cromwell ordered it to be demolished; and it was sold by the duke of Buckingham (to whom, after the restoration, it was granted) to the duke of Newcastle, who built the present edifice on its ruins, and in whose family it still remains.

Vigilance of the French POLICE *under the old Government.*

(Extract of a Letter from an American Officer to General Miranda, in March, 1788. —From Antepara on South American Emancipation.)

AFTER we* parted at Vienna, on the 26th of October, 1785, I travelled with the greatest expedition, and was so fortunate as to fall in with a French officer and his servant, travelling in a Turkish dress from Constantinople to Paris, express. As our objects were similar, viz. to get to Paris with all possible dispatch, I invited the officer to take a seat with me, and permit my servant to travel with his, which he readily consented to. We moved with great diligence and expedition day and night, and arrived at Paris between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 6th of November. We parted at the barrier gate, and I ordered my postillion to drive to the hotel of Louis XVI. *rue Richelieu.* On my arriving, and asking the master of the house if I could be accommodated with apartments, he answered in the affirmative, but politely begged my name; on giving it, his countenance brightened, and, bowing, he said he had expected the honor of seeing me ten days or a fortnight past, hoped I had an agreeable journey, and if I would do him the honor of following him, he would do himself the honor of showing me my apartments. The prescience of the man, and his superabundant civility, you will doubtless conclude, excited my curiosity, and induced me, after I had seen my apartments, to inquire how he came to know it was my intention to visit Paris, and particularly to put up at his house. He answered me, that Lieutenant-General **** had informed him of it, and since called twice, to know whether I had arrived; and being very anxious to show me every civility in his power, had requested to be informed the moment of my arrival, which, with my permission, he would instantly do. I gave the permission solicited, but was much perplexed to know who this lieutenant-general was, that had conceived such an affection for me. You will doubtless be solicitous to know how this man in Paris knew that I was travelling through Europe, and proposed visiting Paris in my way to London, and intended to take lodgings, during my stay, at the hotel of Louis XVI. *rue Richelieu.*

* The writer, and general Miranda, against the latter of whom the jealousy of the Spanish court was already awakened at this early period.

It astonished me at the time, as much as the detail of it now can surprise you. I never had communicated it to any one: I had not even told you of it; for it was a matter of very little consequence; but on taking a retrospective view of what had passed, and referring to my memorandum-book, I found, that, one day at dinner with the marquis de la Fayette, at Potsdam, in Prussia, when several French officers were at table, attended each by their respective servants, the marquis recommended, when I came to Paris, that I should lodge at this hotel. Out of compliment to him, I took out my pocket-book at table, and noted the name of the hotel and street, and never more thought on the subject, until the postillion, on entering Paris, asked me where he should drive. I then directed him to the place above-mentioned. From hence I conclude, the only way my intention could have been known, must have been by a communication from some one of those servants attending at the marquis's table to this particular friend of mine, the lieutenant-general, or at his office; for I have since discovered, that French travelling servants keep more accurate journals than some of their masters, and are in the habit of reporting, on their return, (to the police) whatever they may suppose will ingratiate themselves with its officers, or yield them a few livres in return.

After getting my breakfast and dressing myself, I waited on Mr. Jefferson, our minsiter at Paris, and in the course of conversation related the singular circumstance that had occurred on my arrival, and mentioned the name of the general (which I do not now recollect) who had been thus polite, and asked him if he recollected any one of that name, who had served in America, for I could conceive of no other circumstance that could have made me known to a French general.

Mr. Jefferson, laughing much, told me it was the *lieutenant-general of the police,* and hoped he did not intend further to display his partiality for me, by accommodating me with apartments in his palace, the Bastile. This tended further to excite my curiosity, rather than alarm my fears. But, to proceed further with this curious detail—on my return to my lodgings in the evening, my servant Louis told me a gentleman had called and made inquiries after my health, and the health of the gentleman who travelled with me, and asked whether we lodged together. Louis, supposing he inquired after the Turkish officer who came with me to Paris, answered in the negative, and told him we had parted at the barrier gate, and that he did not know where he lodged. He was then asked, whether it was the same gentleman who had set out with me from London, and was with me in Prussia. Louis said no; that that gentleman we had left at Vienna,; that the other was one who had overtaken us on the road. He quite fretted the servant with his pointed inquiries, and doubts of the truth of what he told him; and, refusing to leave his name, which the servant asked, said he would call again when his master would be at home.

This interview between the visitor and my servant took place about twelve o'clock; about four in the afternoon, another person came, and, in the porter's lodge, having formed an acquaintance with Louis, *pro hoc,** and having drank together, pressed further interrogatories relative to my companion; for it seems, my friend, it was *you* they hoped to

* *For the purpose, or occasion.*

see, and not me: but being constantly and honestly answered, that his master had left you at Vienna, I was not honored by a visit from the lieutenant-general of the police, nor my servant further interrogated.

The next day, I think, or in a very short time, I visited the marquis de la Fayette, who scarcely gave himself time to salute me, before he exclaimed, "I hope to God, my dear friend, your companion, Col. Miranda, has not come with you!" I told him you had not, that I had left you at Vienna. He said he was extremely happy to hear it, and begged me, if I wrote, to insist upon your not coming to Paris; for, if the Count d'Aranda* should know you were in Paris, he (La Fayette) would be extremely apprehensive for your fate.

* The Spanish minister at the French court.

Defence of Women.

(Continued from page 258.)

CHAP XX.

I shall pass over many other learned women, who have adorned Germany and various European countries, that I may conclude with an example which is recent in Asia, to show that the merits of women are not confined to the continent of Europe.

This example is the beautiful, the virtuous, and the noble *Sitti Maani**, wife of the celebrated traveller, Peter de la Valle, a Roman cavalier.

Maani was born in Mesopotamia; by which circumstance that favored province, in which it is supposed that the garden of Eden was planted, became the birth-place of two Rachels; since Haran, in which the beloved wife of Jacob lived, was a village of Mesopotamia. Maani having acquired celebrity from her earliest years, not less for the generosity of her character and the quickness of her understanding than for the extreme loveliness of her person, her fame excited in Peter de la Valle an earnest desire to see her; and, having convinced himself that she deserved the eulogiums which were conferred upon her, he sought her in marriage. After they were united, Maani renounced the Chaldean persuasion, to embrace the catholic religion, and also converted her parents. The attainments of this amiable Asiatic are almost incredible; since, in a few years, (for her life was short) she not only acquired all the knowledge which was to be obtained in her native country, where the sciences are considered as strangers, but she became conversant with twelve different dialects: her knowledge continued increasing; and her virtues improving, till her death. She possessed not only the excellencies peculiar to her sex, but so great a courage, that she assumed arms, and assisted her husband in several encounters.

This fair one, so extraordinary not only for her merits but her travels, caught, during a journey to Ormuz, a fever, which might truly be called malignant, and which carried her off in the twenty-third year of her age, to the deep regret of all who had known this modern Rachel, so perfectly resembling her predecessor, that it seemed as if nature and fortune had combined to complete the parallel. Both were Mesopotamians, both transcendently beautiful, both espoused to men of great merit, and of countries distant from their own: they both renounced the worship of their forefathers, to follow the religion of their husbands, and quitted their native land, to accompany them in their wanderings; and at last they both died in the flow-

* *Sitti* is a title of honor among the Persians, and equivalent to that of *Lady*.

or of their age, and as they were travelling with their husbands.—But, at this last fatal transit, it seems that Peter de la Valle surpassed the patriarch in tenderness of conduct. Jacob interred his Rachel on the spot where she died, though he would have shown more respect to her memory by paying the same honor to her remains, which he desired for his own, when he enjoined his son Joseph to convey them to the sepulcre of his fathers in Hebron.—Peter de la Valle, on the contrary, having embalmed the body of his beloved Maani, and inclosed it in a costly sarcophagus, carried it about with him during four years that he continued in Asia; and his eyes remained as faithful to the contemplation of her lifeless remains, as his heart and memory were to the consecration of her virtues. On his arrival at Rome, he deposited her reliques in the tomb of his ancestors, and celebrated the obsequies of his wife with almost unequalled magnificence, pronouncing himself a funeral oration, during which his eyes told more than his lips could utter; and at last his speech was completely interrupted by a torrent of more eloquent tears; and this testimony of his regret was acknowledged to be the most appropriate eulogium, by the sympathising multitude to whom his harangue was addressed.

CHAP. XXI.

In the foregoing enumeration of learned women, I have omitted many moderns, to avoid prolixity, and all the ancients, because their names are recorded in a variety of books. It suffices if I have demonstrated that almost all those women who have devoted themselves to literature, have been eminent for their attainments; while, among a hundred men who have studied, we find perhaps but three or four who are really learned.

But, as this observation might induce women to consider themselves as our superiors, it is but just to obviate so arrogant a presumption, by remarking that this difference in the advantages they derive from study, must be attributed to the influence of custom, by which no women are invited to literary pursuits, except such as discover a peculiar propensity for them; whereas all men are forced to application in their youth, without much consideration of their natural bias: and therefore, as the generality of both sexes have but moderate abilities, it must follow that few students will excel in the career which is pointed out to all.

My opinion, therefore, is, that no inferiority exists in the capacities of either sex: but, if women, with the view of more effectually silencing their obstinate despisers, should pass from the defensive to the offensive, and pretend to claim a superiority over us, they might defend their cause with all the arguments which are brought against them; since the maxims with which they are attacked, may with greater verisimilitude be used in their favor. And to this they might add the authority of Aristotle, who says in various places, that, in every species of animals, particularly including the human race, the females are more subtile and more ingenious than the males. One passage in particular (in the ninth book of his history of animals) in which he concedes to women the advantage not only in docility, but in ingenuity, ought to carry conviction to the admirers of that philosopher. But I would caution the fair sex not to rely too implicitly on the evidence of Aristotle, because, although, in the passage alluded to, he honors them with the superiority in perspicacity, a little further on he reproaches them

with the greater share of malice: and, when he afterwards accords to them the noble attribute of compassion in preference to men, he invalidates it by charging them with the vices of envy, detraction, and bitterness.—I know not, therefore, whether they will accept, on these terms, the superiority which the philosopher accords them: but it must be owned, that, when he, who says so much evil against them, has still allowed them to excel us in ingenuity, he cannot have made this concession on slight grounds.

CHAP. XXII.

It is now right to say something of the ability of women in those more liberal arts which they do not commonly exercise, as in painting and sculpture. Very few females have dedicated themselves to those pursuits: but, among these, some excellent artists have appeared. I have already said how eminent the admirable *Maria Schurman* became in painting, sculpture, and engraving. —In Italy, three sisters were celebrated painters. *Sophonisba, Lucia* and *Europa d'Angosciola*: the first of these was engaged in the service of Isabella, queen of Spain, and consort of Philip the second: and her reputation was so great, that Pope Pius IV. requested to have a portrait of the queen from the pencil of Sophonisba.

Irene di Spilimberg, a Venetian, was so excellent in the same art, that her pictures were often mistaken for those of Titian, with whom she was contemporary. She died at the age of twenty-six, regretted and lamented even by her rivals.

Theresa de Po acquired great celebrity at Naples by her paintings; and some exquisite performances of hers are to be seen in the cabinet of her excellency the marchioness de Villena, who caused them to be executed during the time in which she was vice--queen of Naples.

Italy has produced women who have been equally famous for sculpture.

Propertia de' Rossi was generally admired for her finely-designed and well-executed statues in marble: but the admirable *Lavinia Fontana* excelled her and all other female sculptors.

We hear but of one paintress in France,; but she was of the first eminence.

Isabella Sophia de Chéron, known by the name of *Madame Le' Hai*, besides being a correct poetess and musician, was most excellent in the art of painting; and her reputation was so high, that the Dauphin, son of Louis the Great, employed her to paint himself and his children. Casimir the Vth. who abdicated the throne of Poland, did the same, and the example was followed by the prince of Condé and most of the French nobility. The emperor Joseph invited her to Vienna, and offered her a considerable pension: she refused, however, to quit France; upon which he sent her models of his own face, and those of all the imperial family, that she might paint their portraits from them.—Her correctness of design and coloring being extreme, her facility was no less remarkable, since she could support a conversation on any subject, without interrupting the progress of her work. But the generous and Christian-like actions of her pious spirit were still more lovely and astonishing than the creations of her pencil; and she died, with all the serenity which her life and faith were calculated to inspire, in the year 1711.

In music, we see more evidently the equality of the two sexes with regard to the fine arts, since the pro-

gress which women make in music, is always as great as ours; and music-masters find it at least as easy to communicate the principles of their art to girls as to boys.—I am acquainted with one female musician, who was a composer before she had attained her fifteenth year; and with many others, whose execution has deen admired, and whose taste and science have been consulted by the first masters.

(To be continued)

Anecdote of J. J. ROUSSEAU.

(From Hardy's Memoirs of the Earl of Charlemont.)

When, after hav ng quarrelled with Hume and all his English friends, Rousseau was bent on making his escape, as he termed it, into France, he stopped at a village between London and Dover, and from thence wrote to General Conway, then secretary of state, informing him, that, although he had got so far with safety, he was well apprised, that the remainder of his route was so beset by his inexorable enemies, that, unprotected, he could not escape. He, therefore, solemnly claimed the protection of the king, and desired that a party of cavalry might be immediately ordered to escort him to Dover. This letter General Conway showed to me*, together with his answer, in which he assured him that the postillions were, altogether, a very sufficient guard throughout every part of the king's dominions.

Interesting Remarks on WATER.

(From Parkes's "Chemical Catechism.")

FROM experiments we see, that water becomes of less specific gravity, whether it be heated above or cooled below 42° 5′. . . . . The wisdom and goodness of the great artificer of the world will manifest itself in this arrangement, if we consider what would have been the consequences, had water been subject to the general law, and, like other fluids, become specifically heavier by the loss of its caloric. In winter, when the atmosphere became reduced to 32°, the water on the surface of our rivers would have sunk as it froze; another sheet of water would have frozen immediately, and sunk also; the ultimate consequence of which would have been, that the beds of our rivers would have become repositories of immense masses of ice, which no subsequent summer could unbind; and the world would shortly have been converted into a frozen chaos. How admirable the wisdom, how skilful the contrivance, that, by subjecting water to a law contrary to what is observed by other fluids, the water, as it freezes, becomes specifically lighter, and, swimming upon the surface, performs an important service, by preserving a vast body of caloric, in the subjacent fluid, from the effects of the surrounding cold, ready to receive its own accustomed quantity, upon the first change of the atmosphere. These reflexions, perhaps, will not be thought misplaced, should they but afford

"One ray of light in this terrene abode,
To prove to man the goodness of his God!"

On BENEVOLENCE.

(From the Reformer.)

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity; and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment to one another. Every

* The Earl of Charlemont, who relates the anecdote.

man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice, of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are quarrelling with each other.

The one half of the misery of human life might be extinguished, if men would alleviate the general curse entailed on them, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. It gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, diminishes in some measure the deformity of vice, and makes even folly supportable.

Without some degree of benevolence and good-nature, no society or conversation could be maintained in the world; at least there must be something which bears the semblance and affectation of it. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For, if we examine the nature of that quality, we shall find it to be only an imitation and mimicry of good-nature; or, in other words, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper, reduced into an art.

These appearances of humanity render a man very popular and beloved, when they are founded upon real good-nature, but, without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Humanity is generally born with us; health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world, are great cherishers of it, where they find it; but nothing can produce it, where it is not spontaneous. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce. Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which, he tells us, he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed, he describes him as being pleased, that, while his soul returned to *him* from whence it came, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind; for which reason, he gave his sons a positive order, not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such unbounded humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind. Such is the happy state of every humane person, whose daily study it is to improve in the practice of all the social virtues, which he finds will give employment to the most industrious temper, and fill up the interstices of time to the most active stations of life. To assist others with your advice, to give alms to the necessitous poor, and to administer comfort to the sick, are duties which we may daily practise: to support a deserving character; to mollify the malicious, assuage the violent, and open the eyes of the prejudiced, are all of them employments highly becoming a reasonable creature; and afford peculiar satisfaction to a humane and reflecting mind. These are a part of the offices of benevolence, the practice

of which are a never-failing source of intellectual pleasure to a feeling mind, and which so far surpass the beggarly pleasures of sense, that the one are not to be named with the other: and every person may rely upon it, that, having once tasted the pleasure ever attendant upon acts of kindness to his fellow-creatures, he will, in the comparison, estimate sensual pleasures at a very low rate. Such is the transcendent goodness of the eternal father of all mercies, that he hath most wisely annexed such delightful feelings in the soul of man to the practice of all the social virtues, more particularly to that of philanthropy, as being the quality which approaches the nearest to himself, and which he is perpetually exercising towards us; although, such is our unpardonable inattention and thoughtlessness, through our minds being too much occupied in the concerns of the perishing things of this life, and likewise with the gratification of our ruling passions, that we do not, as we ought, daily offer up the tribute of grateful and thankful hearts to him for all his kindnesses vouchsafed unto us. Therefore it should appear, that the great task of him who conducts his life by the precepts of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present; to impress upon his mind so strong a sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbalance all the temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in his way, and enable him to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow, to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and push forward at another against the threats of calamity.

Now it is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged to be the glory and happiness of his being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and our reflexions are not sufficiently profound to induce us to receive religion as the most noble incentive to great and worthy actions. Through our weakness we are prompted to believe, that, upon a scrutiny into our most secret thoughts, we shall find ourselves wholly disinterested and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory. But, however self-elevated spirits may, at the first view, disdain to do any thing unless prompted by themselves, without any regard to this or future existence; they will find, on a closer inspection, that to look for reward only in the life to come, is as elevated a pitch of virtue, as it is possible for human nature to reach. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than as rendering obedience to the commands of the deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the want of true Christian fortitude in men when they conform themselves to the doctrinal rites of religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can do an act of charity

unnoticed, who can subdue hatred, do good to his reviler, who can never be angry with his friend, or revengeful to his enemy; such a man, I say, is formed for the benefit of society; yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

Cure for COLDS *and* COUGHS.
By Major SPENCER COCHRANE.
(From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.)

TAKE half a pound of the heads of the large white poppy without any of the seeds, the heads just ripe and moderately dried: put them into three quarts of boiling water: let them boil gently, till the liquor is reduced to one quart: squeeze the poppies well in a cloth to strain out the liquor: boil the liquor again slowly to one pint and strain it: then add to it a pint of white wine vinegar, and one pound of raw sugar. Let them boil gently to the consistence of a syrup: then add thereto spirit or elixir of vitriol to make it gratefully acid. The dose I have recommended for adults is one or two tea-spoonfuls, but never exceeding three, on going to bed. If the cough continues violent, two more may be taken the following morning. One dose sometimes cures, two generally; and I have never had occasion to employ it more than thrice. For young children one tea-spoonful is sufficient.

Historical Sketch of COINS.
(From Kelly's "Universal Cambist",)

BEFORE coins were adopted as a circulating medium, the precious metals were used, and particularly silver. They were cut into different sizes, forms, and weights, a practice which is still retained in China and some other remote parts of the world.

It does not appear from scripture that any coins were struck by the Jews till the time of the Maccabees, their money before that period being pieces of silver of certain weights, such as shekels, talents, and drachms.

Herodotus, the most ancient heathen historian, ascribes the inventions of coins to the Lydians; and Pliny attributes it to Bacchus. Lycurgus ordered that iron money only should be used at Sparta, which seems to imply that a better kind had been previously known.

The introduction of copper coins into Italy is ascribed to Janus or Saturn; and, according to Pliny, silver was not coined at Rome until the year 480 of that city, nor gold until the year 640; but both gold and silver coins were used in Greece, Persia, and Egypt, long before.

After the arrival of the Romans in England, the Britons are said to have imitated them in coining both gold and silver; and the Saxons and Danes had mints in different cities and towns.

The coinage of William the Conqueror was on the following simple plan: the pound in weight and the pound in tale (*i. e.* in reckoning) were the same. This weight was the tower or moneyer's pound, which had been used by the Saxons, and which was lighter than the pound Troy by three quarters of an ounce Troy.

This plan of coinage is said to have been first adopted by Charlemagne, in France, in the eight century; which probably give rise to the livre, which is divided into 20 sous, and each sou into 12 deniers: and hence also the origin of the pound sterling.

Thus, in the year 1066, the Tower pound of standard silver was worth 20 shillings in tale; and this price increased until the year 1601,

when it was fixed at the present rate, that is, 62s. for the pound Troy.

The silver penny or sterling was minted with a deep cross. When it was broken into two parts, each was called a *half-penny*, and when into four, each part was called a *fourth-thing*, or farthing. Larger silver pieces of four-pence were soon after coined, which were called *greats*, or groats.

As to gold coins, the first after the Norman conquest, according to *Snelling*, was struck by order of Henry III. in the year 1257. It was of pure gold, weighing twopence of silver, and was to pass for twenty pence; it was called the *Gold Pennie*. The same author observes, that the king tried this expedient of coining gold through necessity, and that the city of London made a representation against this measure.

The next gold coinage in England was in the year 1344, when the Florin was struck, which took its name from *Florence*, where it had been first minted in 1252. It was afterwards coined in most countries of Europe: in Germany it was called the Gulden, and in Holland the Guilder, on account of its being gold. The Florin, however, has been long a silver coin: and, in some places it is adopted as the unit for keeping accounts, like the pound sterling in England.

Silver coin was considered in England the only legal standard of value, until the year 1728; and gold coins fluctuated in their price according to the plenty or scarcity of that metal. The guinea, which was first minted in 1621, was issued at 20s.; but it afterwards varied, both in its current price and rate of coinage, until the above period of 1728, when it was fixed at its present value of 21s.; and then it became a legal tender.

It has been a question of doubt since that period, whether silver or gold should be the legal measure of value. Mr. Locke and several other authorities state it to be silver; some are for both metals; but Lord Liverpool, in his very elaborate Work "*On the Coins of the Realm*," observes, that "Coins, which are the principal measure of property, should be composed of one metal only, and that this metal should be gold." The question, however, seems decided, with respect to large payments, by an act of parliament, passed in the year 1799, which states, that silver shall not be a legal tender for any sum above 25l.

Coins are liable to many imperfections, disorders, and frauds, such as abrasion, filing, clipping, and fabrication; and to these may be added the fluctuating price of the metal itself, which is intended as a standard or measure of value; and this inconvenience is greatly increased, by having two rival metals adopted as standards, which are liable to variation in their relative as well as positive prices.

The pound in tale was divided into twenty shillings, and the shilling into twelve pence or sterlings; and the pound weight was divided into twelve ounces, and the ounce into twenty pennyweights: thus, each penny or sterling was one pennyweight, or twenty-four grains.

PLEASURE *and* VIRTUE; *a Vision.*
By the Author of the "Exemplary Mother."

TOWARDS the close of the summer, while I was on a visit to a friend in a beautiful part of the country, I was tempted one delicious morning to ramble out at an early hour; and, having strayed through several pleasant fields, I arrived at the foot of a hill, which I fancied would afford me an extensive and sublime prospect. Several paths, however, presented themselves to

my choice. That which appeared most direct, was steep and rugged; and others, which seemed more circuitous, led ultimately, as I supposed, to the summit of the hill. Being a little fatigued, I chose one which winded most pleasantly through the shrubs and open groves with which the foot of the mountain was encircled.

The fragrance of the air, perfumed with a thousand flowers, the melody of birds which sung from every spray, the sound of distant waterfalls, and the glimmering view of verdant pastures, and a varied country, which glided past the eye through the openings of the trees, enchanted my senses, and drew me on, unconsciously, to a considerable distance from the spot where I began to deviate. The path was smooth and easy, and at first I imagined it was conducting me, by degrees, to a loftier elevation; but at last I perceived that it began to descend, and was leading me too far from the mountain I was determined to climb. It became likewise more rugged and uneven as I advanced, and on a sudden brought me to the edge of a precipice of rock, at the foot of which was a pool of water, encompassed by a wide morass.

Sorry to be thus disappointed, I returned as swiftly as possible, though I met with more interruptions than I had before observed, and at last, arriving at the narrow path, I began sturdily to ascend it. It was rather tiresome at first; but the difficulties vanished as I ascended; the path itself became more easy; a noble horizon opened around me, and the desire of reaching the summit animated my courage, and gave me strength to overcome every obstacle; so that it was not long before I attained the highest peak, from whence the most glorious prospect that the imagination can conceive, repaid me for my first deviation and subsequent exertions. Having examined the view with delight, I sat down to rest from the fatigue of the ascent; and, as I was reflecting on my morning's walk, and allegorising the incidents which had occurred to diversify it, I insensibly fell asleep, and the visions of my fancy recalled the images which had been presented to my waking eye.

Methought I stood on a point of the hill commanding a view of the paths which had distracted my attention in the early part of the morning, as well as of the rich and woody scenery through which I had wandered in my approach to its foot.

"This hill, with the surrounding country," said the voice of some invisible attendant, "is the region of life. Various paths intersect it in diverse directions; but there is only one which is truly called the path of life, and which leads directly to the summit of glory." As my unseen companion spoke these words, I beheld a company of young people, of both sexes, advancing through the meadows below. They appeared full of gaiety and glee, stopped to pick the flowers with which the pastures were bespangled, laughed and frolicked with various diverting gambols, and strayed along, singing and dancing, as if unconscious where they were going, or ignorant which way they should direct their steps. The hill, however, seemed to attract the attention of some, and they all gradually approached its boundaries. Here they appeared, for a short time, perplexed with the diversity of the paths: but, without much consideration, most of them dashed forward with eagerness in that which they selected, as if determined to run a race with each other to the top of the mountain. I observed, however,

that one path in particular attracted the greater number of the youthful throng. It was broad, and smooth, and pleasant, bordered with flowers and aromatic shrubs; and beside it stood a beautiful female, lightly arrayed, who with bewitching smiles invited every passenger to pursue its windings. A female equally beautiful, but of a more dignified aspect, and more modestly clad, stood on the right hand of this attractive road, and pointed to a narrow path which led in a straight direction up the mountain. "My young friends," said she, with a smile of celestial sweetness, "let me detain you for a moment. You are all capable of attaining the summit of this mountain, on which is placed the temple of glory and happiness, if you will use your own exertions under my guidance. This is the path by which you will directly ascend to it; and, however you may deviate, if you ever wish to obtain a place in that splendid temple, to this path you must assuredly return. I am sorry to be obliged to guard you against the delusions of my sister, Pleasure, who is now beckoning you away to the groves of dissipation. If you will follow me, you will find I have sufficient power to induce her to join our company, and to smooth the apparent ruggedness of my path; but if you give yourselves up to her dominion, I cannot promise to be with you always; and without my aid, you will be in danger of losing yourselves in a labyrinth, or being precipitated into a gulf which you do not foresee."

Almost all seemed to listen with satisfaction to the advice of Virtue; but a smile or a nod from her enchanting sister was enough to draw most of them away into the path of Pleasure. There were but few who took any other course; and some, even of those who began to ascend the path of Virtue, were enticed away at different points by the allurements of Pleasure, or, tired with their first efforts, turned off into bye ways, which appeared to lead into her romantic domains.

Among the crowds which arrived in succession at the lower extremity of the mountain, there was one youthful female, who attracted my peculiar attention. She was lovely and animated; and her form and features were superior to those of her companions. Sensibility glowed on her cheek, and intelligence beamed from her eye. She advanced to the hill with apparent eagerness, and listened to the address of Virtue with enthusiastic delight. She sprang forward, and was giving her hand to this benign protectress, when her wily sister, afraid of losing a mortal of superior beauty and attainments, assembled a group of lively dancers in an adjoining grove, who gaily beat time to the dulcet sound of flutes and harps.

While Euphronia turned to gaze upon them, a delicious voice, in melting modulations, addressed her in the following stanzas:

"Fair Euphronia! come and rove
Through the maze of Pleasure's grove;
View these regions of delight,
Taste the raptures they excite:
Pleasure here has fix'd her court;
Here the Loves and Graces sport.
Let not pallid fear alarm thee:
Each delight conspires to charm thee.
Smiling Hope thy steps shall lead
O'er the flow'r-enamell'd mead:
Disappointment ne'er invades
Pleasure's consecrated shades:
Rigid Virtue claims thy stay:
Pleasure summons thee away.
Virtue, solemn care-clad queen,
Flies the joyous social scene.
Virtue's paths with thorns are spread,
Here on flow'rs we gaily tread.
Beauty for delight was given:
Slight not then the boon of Heaven.
See in all these liquid glasses,
How thy form each nymph's surpasses;

Here each swain, without disguise,
Yields to Beauty's conqu'ring eyes;
Thine th' attractions, to impart
Liveliest transport to the heart,
Transport sweet, yet never cloying,
Bliss that strengthens by enjoying.
See the birds on ev'ry spray!
Hear the soft mellifluous lay!
Joy expands each tuneful throat,
Love enlivens every note:
Hark! each dale and ev'ry grove
Echoes to the voice of love:
Philomel, with sweetest song,
Wooes thee from the gloomy throng.
Do not cast a look behind thee:
Nature to our charge resign'd thee:
Haste then, join the jocund train,
Taste the sweets of Pleasure's reign."

I trembled for the sweet Euphronia, in whose fate my heart was interested. She listened to the fascinating sounds till her soul was overcome by their influence; and, while with a smile of affectionate entreaty she besought of Virtue to accompany her, she gave her ready hand to Pleasure, and was hurried off into the midst of the gay assembly, who received her with shouts of gratulation and joy. I saw that Virtue did not forsake her, but, with a deep sigh and lingering step, entered with her into the bowers of Pleasure. I lost both of them for a while: but, when the form of Virtue again appeared, she was at a distance from the groves of dissipation, and Euphronia was no longer in her company. I could not refrain from tears. But while I was earnestly gazing on the region to which the path of Pleasure led her votaries, I discovered on one side of it an intricate labyrinth, in which many of her youthful followers were wandering with their companions, apparently endeavouring to extricate themselves, but without success. On the other side, I saw a broad descending path, which led directly to the edge of a precipice; and while I was intently gazing on the crowd which thronged it, and whom Pleasure had delivered over into the hands of Vice, I heard a faint shriek, and many of the party disappeared from my sight. The earth had given way under their feet, and they had fallen headlong into a gulf, which opened to receive them. Some of the rest turned backward, and began to fly; and after watching their footsteps, and losing them for a time in the thick groves which hung over the walk, at length, to my inexpressible delight, I beheld Euphronia, pale and breathless, hurrying from her companions, and the scene which she had just witnessed, and, with all her remaining strength, striving to regain the path to which Virtue had first invited her. She at last succeeded; and then, languid and exhausted, sat down to rest, while, with streaming eyes, she besought the assistance of the friendly Power. The mountain was overspread with a thick cloud, and Euphronia was left for a while alone and un-assisted. But while she lamented her deviation, and earnestly prayed for re-admission to divine favor, the skirts of the cloud were gilded with a mild increasing light; and by degrees the radiant form of Mercy, descending from the skies, with an ineffable smile of compassion, held out her hand to the aspiring penitent, and assisted her ascent, while sounds of celestial harmony floated in the air around her.

"Daughter of affliction! hear!
Mercy's voice salutes thine ear.
Joyful she beholds, impress'd,
Virtue's image on thy breast.
Whence the doubts that pale thy cheek?
Sighs expressive, tears that speak?
Pleasure's smiles, and circle gay,
Taught thy steps the devious way.
Glowing expectation fir'd thee;
Promis'd bliss awhile inspir'd thee;
Where is now each gay delight
Painted to thy ravish'd sight?
Soon the flatt'ring dream is o'er:
Conscience wakes, to sleep no more:
Youth, presumptuous, thoughtless, vain,

Slave to Pleasure, foe to Pain,
Slight the counsels of the sage,
Deems their fears the fault of age.
Fancied safety has bewray'd thee,
Pleasure tempted and betray'd thee.
See, amidst her motley train,
Meagre Want, and ghastly Pain;
Pale Despair, with grief-swoln eye,
Ever wakeful Jealousy;
Envy, with her venom'd sting,
Slander always on the wing.
Turn on Virtue's train thine eyes!
Hers alone are truly wise.
Joy, that far surpasses sense,
Flows from conscious innocence;
Joys that elevate the mind,
Raptures chaste, delights refin'd.
Heav'n, to purify the heart,
Wounds it with Affliction's dart;
Then accepts the contrite's pray'r,
And saves in mercy from despair,
Saves for His atoning sake,
Who bids the dead to life awake.
The Penitent, her sins forgiven,
Is Virtue's candidate for Heaven.
Here the arduous conflict ends:
Virtue's path to Heaven ascends."

The figure of Euphronia was now lost with that of the heavenly messenger in the brightening cloud, and I awoke with the rapturous certainty that she would find a mansion prepared for her in the Temple of Glory.

Sketch of the History of HAMBURG.

(*From Boisgelin's Travels.*)

HAMBURG* is well situated in a fertile and agreeable country, on three rivers; the Elbe to the south, the Bille to the east, and the Alster to the north. Such an advantageous situation must, from the remotest times, have induced different people to fix their abode in this spot, and build fortifications.

Charlemagne, in the year 808, gave orders to his lieutenant to build two forts upon the Elbe. The one which commanded the port, and which in process of time became the city of Hamburg, was called *Odon* ...... The emperor began by placing a garrison in the above-mentioned fort, composed of a company of eastern Saxons; but in the year 810, the *Wilses*, a people among the Slavi, took this fort, and razed it to the ground. It was rebuilt the following year by Charlemagne. He also built a church in the same place, in honor of Jesus Christ, and the holy Virgin Mary.

A town was soon built in the environs of the fort: but it was far from being a considerable one in the year 845, when it was plundered by the Roman pirates, who took advantage of the absence of the governor, Count Bernard, and, ascending the Elbe, surprised the inhabitants in the night, put them to the sword, and set fire to the town.

Pope Nicholas the First, in 857, united the bishoprick of Bremen to that of Hamburg, in favor of St. Anschaire*, so that the dignity of metropolitan remained annexed to the latter archbishoprick. ...... Shortly after, the Normans, having discontinued their piracies, began to rebuild Hamburg. Whilst they were so employed, St. Anschaire went to Denmark, where he succeeded in converting numbers, particularly the king, Eric, the declared enemy of the Christian faith.

The Danes and Slavi plundered Hamburg for the third time, about the year 915. The city was again rebuilt, and the Othos granted it great privileges. In 948, Otho the Great made an expedition into Denmark, where he founded the three following bishopricks, Schleswig, Rypen, and Aarhus, all of which were subject to the see of Hamburg.

The city of Hamburg became more and more considerable; and

* For an interesting picture of modern Hamburg, previous to its utter ruin under French oppression, see our Numbers for last December, February, and March.

* Archbishop of Hamburg, consecrated in the year 831.—The establishment of the archbishoprick was confirmed by a diploma of Louis le Débonnaire, in 834.

the archbishop, Unwan the ninth, formed a chapter of twelve canons, which subsists at present*; but the Lutheran religion being the established one, married men are now admitted into this community. Some years before (in 1012) Mistiwoy, and Mizzidrag, Vandal princes, who, having embraced the Christian faith, were harshly treated by Bernard, who commanded for the emperor in those parts, abjured Christianity, took up arms, and taking advantage of Bernard's embarrassed situation, from having rebelled against the Emperor, Henry II., committed every kind of cruelty, particularly at Hamburg, as being the metropolitan church of Christianity. They razed the church of our Lady to the ground; massacred the greatest part of the inhabitants, and made slaves of the remainder. The community of Benedictines, transferred by St. Anschaire from Corbie to Hamburg, where they resided near the church in which they officiated, removed at that time to Ramesloë. This society of pious men had founded a school at Hamburg, which served as a chapter to the cathedral. Archbishop Unwan afterwards supplied its place by twelve canons.

Hamburg being pillaged and destroyed for the fourth time, the church of our Lady was rebuilt of wood; but Bezelin XII. archbishop, began to build it again of freestone. He also erected a palace with towers and bastions, and in all respects fortified like a catadel. This was situated to the south, near the Elbe, and greatly alarmed Bernard, Duke of Saxony, who, fearing that the archbishop should employ it to secure to himself a greater share of power in the city, immediately built another fortress to the north of the church. Some remains of this latter building existed in the middle of the eighteenth century. The stables belonging to the senate are now upon the same spot. These two citadels were begun about the year 1037. That built by Duke Bernard was situated on the Alster, a small river, which at present divides the old and new town. It was razed to the ground in 1066, when the Obotrites, one of the nations belonging to the Slavi, having murdered their Christian prince Gotscale, returned to their pagan gods, ravaged the whole of Saxony on the other side of the Elbe, and took possession of Hamburg, which for the fifth time suffered for the Christian cause. The sixth and seventh invasions took place in 1072, when the city was taken by the pagans, and almost entirely burned and destroyed.

Governors had been appointed by the different emperors to guard these frontiers, and to defend Saxony against the incursions of the barbarians; and Otho the great, upon going to Rome, named Herman Billing to this employment, who, dying in 973, was succeeded by Duke Bennon, his son. He departed this life in 1010, and his son Bernard inherited the duchy of Saxony, which he enjoyed till his death, which took place in 1061, when he was succeeded by his son Ordolphus, whose son Magnus died without issue.

After Hamburg was sacked for the seventh time in 1072, the barbarians took possession of all the country on the north side of the Elbe, which groaned for some time under their yoke. More than six hundred families quitted Holstein, and took refuge in the forest of Hartz, when, in the year 1100, Henry, the son of Gotscale, prince of the Obotrites, having escaped to Sax[illegible]y after the martyrdom of his

* This account was written in 1805.

father, contrived to bring about a reconciliation with Crucon, the usurper of his dominions, and having interested the wife of that tyrant in his favor, whom he promised to marry, he succeeded in dispatching Crucon, and re-establishing himself on the throne.

He immediately delivered the country to the north of the Elbe (Holstein) from the power of the pagans, and restored it to Magnus, Duke of Saxony, who appointed a gentleman named Gotfrid, as governor, and bestowed on him the title of Count of that country. He resided at Hamburg, which was once more begun to be rebuilt, when a large party of Slavi, in 1106, entered Stormar, and seised a great number of men, and a quantity of cattle in the neighbourhood of Hamburg. Gotfrid immediately sallied forth, accompanied by a body of armed citizens, and pursued the marauders; but, imprudently advancing too near the enemy, he fell into an ambuscade, and was cut to pieces.

Duke Magnus was just dead; and the Emperor, Henry V. bestowed his duchy on Lothario, Count of Supplenburg, who, after the death of Gotfrid, gave the counties of Holstein, Wagrie, and Stormar, to Adolphus, Count of Schawenburg; by which means, Hamburg, being the capital of Stormar, made part of the sovereignty of the Counts of Schawenburg, but subject likewise to the emperor as a fief belonging to the duchy of Saxony. The abovementioned Lothario is the same Saxon, who became emperor, after the decease of Henry the Fifth.

Count Adolphus immediately began to rebuild Hamburg, and the cathedral. His wife also erected a strong citadel on the ruins of that built by Duke Bernard. Adolphus dying in 1128, his son, Adolphus the second, engaged in the quarrel which took place between Henry of Bavaria and Albert (surnamed the Bear) of Brandenburg, who disputed the duchy of Saxony. Having embraced the party of Henry, which was the weakest in the beginning, he was deprived of his dominions, which were bestowed upon Henry, Count of Badevid, who, having no intention of keeping them in his possession, destroyed many fortresses, and amongst others those of Segebert and Hamburg.

(To be continued.)

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

What Balzac observed of La Motte le Vayer—"He makes sad havoc in valuable books,"—may be said of the greatest part of the compilers of the present day.

Our modes of life are continually becoming more simple. Passion-week at Rome, and the Carnival at Venice, are no longer objects of attention. People go to mass at one, and to the ball at the other, merely because it is the custom.

If mankind could be what they please, there is not a single individual but would change his character. Yet all our faults increase with age, excepting only those which age destroys.

(To be continued.)

London Walking and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Walking dress.*—A Pelisse of primrose-colored silk, trimmed with black lace round the bottom and also round the shoulders, so as to represent a deep cape. The collar, which turns over, and the cuffs, are likewise ornamented with lace of a narrower sort, and fastened at both edges so as to form a band. Bonnet of the same silk, with either a black or white feather.

2. *Evening dress*—Of white crape, ornamented alternately with stripes of silver ribbon, and spangles. The head-dress in any fancy manner, with a plume of three feathers.—This, and silver and gold ornaments, have been universally worn since the Regent's *fête.*

Bouts-rimés,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be employed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

High, Nigh——Reign, Gain—Shore, Lore—Lend, Spend—Shine, Line—Cloy, Joy—Fear, Near—Great, State.

Any approved completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of September, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.

POETRY.

Love *and* Valour.

A Parody. By J. M. L.

I knew a maid, as Venus fair,
 Whose eyes could tell a brilliant story:
Their laughing lustre would ensnare,
 And make stern war forget his glory.

A youth, who held his valour dear,
 Had seen the maid, and heard her story;
He look'd; he lov'd—then first knew fear,
 Unfelt before in search of glory.

He won the maiden's heart of truth,
 She found such charms in valour's story;
But still she press'd the gallant youth
 To live for love, and give up glory.

He saw a tear bedim her eye;
 He heard the magic of her story;
The sword and helm he soon threw by,
 And found more bliss in love than glory.

Blanch.

From an unfinished Poem, by Miss Mitford.

Of stature low, and fairy size,
Her soul seem'd through her form to rise;
Scarce could the sculptor's practis'd eye
Decide if hers were symmetry;
For ever bounding, turning, dancing,
Like sun-beam on a meadow glancing;
None could proportion trace;
 But still her light and frolic round
 The charmed eye, like magic, bound;
And all proclaim'd it grace.

 Her face with youth's pure coloring glows,
So softly blent, yet so distinct;
Such brilliant white, such rosy tinct
 The apple-blossom shows;
And the pure skin, divinely fair,
 Seem'd as the sun had spar'd her ever,
And wintry storms and summer air
 Had touch'd her never.
Her auburn locks, with wayward will,
From golden bodkin sever still:
Luxuriant, glossy, unconfin'd,
The silken ringlets freely wind;
 Now on her snowy forehead wave,
Now sport around her fair cheek's dimple,
Which passes like the calm lake's rimple,
 Where the young cygnets lave.

Sometimes the ruby lips they kiss,
 Where lovely smiles so gaily fly,
As if they liv'd for nought but bliss,
 And ne'er had breath'd a sigh.
 Sometimes they shade those azure eyes
Whose bright rays, through the dark lash beaming,
In their own liquid diamonds gleaming,
 Like summer meteors rise;
As if those rays, divinely clear,
Had never glitter'd through a tear.

Completion of the Bouts-rimés *proposed in our Magazine for May. By* J. M. L.

"Laugh when you can: be happy while you may."

Raise pleasure's song, while yet you may;
 For youth's gay *flow'rs,*
 And pleasure's *hours,*
Will quickly lose their bright *array.*

But, as you roam delight's gay *field,*
 Observe the *sky*
 With prudent *eye;*
For bursting clouds a storm may *yield.*

Then woe attends the hapless *swain;*
 No more with *song*
 He trips *along;*
For gloom has check'd his cheerful *strain.*

So tempests wing life's fickle *breeze!*
 And comforts *go,*
 In ceaseless *flow,*
Till life has lost the pow'r to *please!*

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Walking & Evening Dress.

No. 7. 1811.

Another, by ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

SEE, bright advancing, lovely *May*,
  Adorn'd with op'ning *flow'rs!*
She comes, all Nature's face t' *array*,
  And give the laughing *hours*.

How sweet to stroll the dewy *field*
  Beneath her morning's *sky!*
To catch the odors vi'lets *yield*,
  And rising Sol to *eye!*

Now carols forth the chearful *swain*
  His Dolly's fav'rite *song:*
Blithe milkmaids join the rustic *strain*,
  And lightly trip *along*.

True pleasure floats on ev'ry *breeze:*
  Health greets us as we *go;*
While from the feather'd choir, to *please*,
  What tuneful warblings *flow!*

Another, by W. E. junior.

BEHOLD the blooming vernal *flow'rs*
  Which Nature's liveliest hues *array*.
Now rapt'ring scenes beguile the *hours:*
  Creation smiles around;—tis' *May*.

The daisied mead, th'enamell'd *field*,
  The hill, the dale, the azure *sky*,
Their varied beauties bounteous *yield*,
  With new delight to charm each *eye*.

'Tis now the season when each *swain*
Responsive pours the am'rous *strain*,
And tunes to love his rural *song*,
Beside the brook that glides *along*.

Now waves the foliage in the *breeze:* [*flow;*
  Mæand'ring streams soft murm'ring
And nature's face seems form'd to *please*,
  Where'er our wand'ring footsteps *go*.

Another—The BEAUTIES *of* NATURE.
By W. TAYLOR, *Kingsland.*

'TIS delightfully pleasant, as fly the
    wing'd *hours*, [giving *May;*
  To breathe the sweet perfumes of health-
To wander serene in the garden of *flow'rs*,
  And Nature review in her brightest
    array.

'Tis sweet to explore with intelligent *eye*
  The wonderful produce of Nature's
    vast *field*— [*sky:*
To view the rich tints of a summer-eve
  For pure are the pleasures such pro-
    spects can *yield*.

Where the smooth-gliding stream softly
    murmurs *along*, [the *swain*,
  And Echo repeats the deep sighs of
'Tis charming to ponder, and list the wild
    song [giving *strain*—
  Of warblers that join in the praise-
On the rude barren heath, as the dull
    minutes *flow*— [rous *breeze*—
  Though Fortune deny me her prospe-
Be this my endeavour, as onward I *go*,
  To pluck from the desert the blossoms
    that *please*.

The MASK.
Imitation of the French Epigram, given in our Magazine for May.

INFLAM'D with rage, her eye-balls roll'd:
  Thick rouge besmear'd her face:—
In her the picture of a scold
  One easily might trace.

Thus quits a Fair the toilet's task,
  To join a masked ball,
And for her wildly-looking mask,
  With angry tone, does call.

"My lovely Fair," a wag replies,
  "Come, let's be quickly gone:
The mask, for which you make such
    noise,
  You have already on."

N. Petherton. ANONYMOUS.

The CAPTIVE.
By Mr. CAMPBELL.

'TWAS the hour when rites unholy
  Call'd each paynim voice to pray'r,
And the star that faded slowly
  Left to dews the freshen'd air.
Day her sultry fires had wasted:
  Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Ev'n a bondsman's spirit tasted
  Half oblivion of his woes.

Then it was from Turkish palace
  Came an eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
  Saw and lov'd an English knight.
"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
  Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians, as they languish,
  Hear no sound of sabbath bell?"

"'Twas on Transylvania's Bannat,
  When the crescent shone afar,
Like a pale disastrous planet,
  O'er the purple tide of war;
In that day of desolation,
  Lady, I was captive made,
Bleeding for my Christian nation
  By the walls of high Belgrade."

"Captive, could the brightest jewel
  From my turban set thee free?"—
"Lady! no! the gift were cruel,
  Ransom'd yet, if reft of thee.
Say, fair princess, would it grieve thee,
  Christian climes should we behold?"—
"Nay, bold knight, I would not leave
    thee,
  Were thy ransom paid in gold."

Now in heaven's blue expansion
  Rose the midnight star to view,

When, to leave her father's mansion,
  Thrice she wept, and bade adieu.
"Fly we, then, while none discover!"
  Tyrant barques, in vain you ride!
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
  Clasps his blooming eastern bride.

BATH.
(From "The Wonders of a Week at Bath.")

YOU'LL think at the first 'tis the fashion
    to bear [chair;
Dead bodies about here at Bath in a
For no one would guess 'em alive by their
    faces: [liver cases;
But these, you must know, are the bad
These folk, like Sir Lucius, find comfort
    in dying, [lying;
Because in the Abbey there's very snug
Or like to be carried, in pickle and salt,
A hundred long miles to the family vault;
Else why should they leave all their com-
    forts, and come,
To die in a lodging so distant from home?
Such cases are frequent, and yet not a
    few [to do.
Come here to be ill, just for something
Then, too, we've the nervous:—as David
    observes, [for the nerves?
What would come of the doctors, except
These delicate creatures, they feel no
    aversion [sion.
To join with the rest in the gen'ral diver-
Each morning the medical gentleman
    calls, [balls.
Each ev'ning my lady stands up at the
What with parties and routs, ere the sea-
    son is ended, [tended.
At last she becomes what at first she pre-
There was young Fanny Fashion, poor
    creature! sent out [rout:—
Some dozens of cards for a supper and
'Mrs. Fashion at home—Tuesday next—
    a small party; [self hearty."
And, thanks for inquiries, she finds her-
But Pluto, alas! without half so much
    warning, [ing.
Invited her down to a party that morn-
That very same ev'ning I happen'd to
    dine [of mine;
With dear Lady G—; she's a fav'rite
Her carriage was full, but she gave me a
    lift,
For I sat all the way in her lap for a shift.
So, driving along, when we came to the
    door, [no more!'
A footman stepp'd up, 'Sir, my lady's
'What! dead? Oh, dear me! what a hor-
    rible thing!' [the string.
'What! dead?' said her ladyship, pulling
''Tis dreadfully shocking! I hope she's in
    heaven.
'Here, coachman, drive down to number
    eleven.'

Sonnet to TEMPERANCE.
By MARIANA STARKE.

MARK that athletic nymph who sternly
    throws [head!
  A rein o'er mischief-loving Cupid's
Vainly the boy her purpose would op-
    pose: [led!
  Behold him, like a steed, in trammels
See, now she breaks in twain the nectar'd
    bowl, [draught provide
  And bids her hand-maid, Health, a
From the pure rill—and now, with mild
    controul,
  Draws all her sister Virtues to her side.
Lo! at her feet his riches Mammon
    spreads— [stant flies;
  With sparing hand she takes; then, in-
And, reckless, on Alcina's roses treads*,—
  'Tis Temperance:—caressing Health,
    she cries; [they be
  "My child, my joy! insensate must
Who ought prefer, on this side heav'n,
    to thee!"

BEAUTY'S SMILE.
By Mr. HITCHINS.

AT Beauty's shrine I humbly wait,
  To pay my faithful homage there,
Resolv'd to shun the scourge of fate,
  And blunt the venom'd barb of care.
Ah! who can beauty's smile disdain,
  Or check the flame of fond desire?
What heart can scorn the thrilling pain,
  Which woman's magic charms inspire?
While some in dull indiff'rence pine,
  Or sip the stream which Bacchus pours,
The nectar of the lip be mine,
  The sigh of her my soul adores.

On TRAPP'S *Translation of* VIRGIL.
By Mr. HITCHINS.

VIRGIL, as ancient bards have told,
The dross of Ennius turn'd to gold;
But Trapp has, by his magic pen,
Turn'd all that gold to dross again.

La CONSÉQUENCE NATURELLE.

"VOUS habitez un pays âpre et rude,"
Disait un sot Flamand au Suisse Fran-
    castel; [tel:
  "Et votre caractère aussi doit être
De son pays toujours on saisit l'habi-
  "Ce propos n'est pas délicat," [tude."—
Reprend le Suisse —"En ce moment j'y
  Vous habitez un pays plat: [pense—
Dois-je en tirer la même conséquence?"

*** *Any approved translation or imitation, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of September, shall appear in our Magazine for that month.*

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* Alcina is the name given, by Ariosto, to sensual Pleasure. See *Orlando Furioso*, books VI. and X.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Spice-Islands.—The isle of Banda surrendered to the British arms, on the 9th of August, 1810; and, on the 30th, the isle of Ternate was taken by Capt. Tucker, of his Majesty's ship Dover, aided by a detachment of the East India company's troops under the command of Capt. Forbes, of the Madras European regiment.

January 16. It was publicly known at Lima, that the revolutionists from Buenos Ayres had taken possession of the mines of Potosi; and the government of Lima feared that they should not have sufficient specie to pay the troops.

A Monte Video Gazette extraordinary, of March 7, contains an account of a battle fought in the plains of Paraguay, between the army of Ferdinand the VIIth, under Don Bernardo Velasco, and the troops of Gen. Belgrano, who wished to detach that province from its allegiance. The latter received a decisive defeat.

A letter, dated the 15th of March, from Santa Fé, mentions, that the disturbances in the centre of south America had subsided, that the country was in a state of comparative repose, and that commercial intercourse was beginning to be re-established.

By Gazettes from the Caraccas to the 16th April, and by private communications, we learn that the greatest tranquillity prevailed in that district. The Congress had assembled, and all the neighbouring country had adopted the revolution established in the capital. The new representative body of the province of Venezuela had solemnly proclaimed its loyalty to Ferdinand VII. and, in the act of installation, the members swore to protect the rights of the sovereign, and to resist the pretensions of France.

Constantinople, April 20.—The Porte has hitherto published nothing respecting the catastrophe by which the Pasha of Egypt exterminated by a single blow all the Mamelukes: all that we know upon this subject, comes through private letters, according to which, the Pasha was forced to adopt this terrible measure in consequence of the continual mutinies of the Mamelukes. The carnage lasted six hours. Those who escaped the first massacre, were sought after with great care, drawn from their hiding-places, dragged into the streets, and butchered; their wives and children were sold as slaves. The number of Mamelukes who perished in this bloody execution, exceeded 1200.—This formidable militia reigned a long time in Egypt, where it formed an aristocratic government. After the conquest of Egypt by Selim I. they ceased to reign, but not to trouble the tranquillity of it. The Beys, who were drawn from their body, have frequently reduced the Pasha, who is the governor sent by the Porte, to be but the instrument of their will, or the passive witness of their numerous and atrocious exactions and mutinies.

Jamaica, April 27.—A very extraordinary occurrence took place in Spanish Town, and the low lands of Liguanea, on Wednesday night last week, by the shivering to pieces of chairs, tables, glasses, and other articles of furniture, in many houses, and the papering in some cracked and torn. No shock of an earthquake was felt; but cracks like those of a pistol were heard; and it is remarkable that the effect took place in different places at different times, and that the cracks or snaps were heard for upwards of two hours, from eight to ten o'clock, at intervals of from 15 to 20 minutes. It is not easy to account for this very singular occurrence, but from the effects of the electric fluid, which perhaps has more readily escaped from the earth, without concussion, from its heated state and chasms, owing to the dry weather which has lately prevailed, and to the extreme coldness of the air, occasioned by the late severe and unusual north winds at this season of the year.

April 28.—A fire broke out at Montego Bay in Jamaica, by which the most modern and most valuable part of the town is said to have been burned down, and property to a considerable amount destroyed.—No lives were lost.

We have received intelligence from Buenos Ayres and Pernambuco—from the latter to the date of the 9th of May. The civil war on the shores of the Rio de la Plata was carried on with increased vigor, and the inveteracy of the two parties bore down all restraint. Governor Elio had obtained some re-inforcements, and had managed to put in motion two frigates, with which he was endeavouring to co-operate with his land forces against Buenos Ayres; but his numbers were comparatively small.

St. Ann's (Jamaica) May 7.—The lake at the Rio-Ho has fallen near two feet within the last six weeks: but it is not

conceived to [illegible] from any subterraneous outlet, but merely from exhalation, and the uncommonly dry weather. It begins, in consequence, to acquire a very offensive smell; and it is to be feared, should it continue to subside, that all that district will become a scene of pestilence, from the effluvia produced from the immense quantity of morass and other vegetable matter becoming putrid.

It is asserted that a gentleman in the neighbourhood of the lake, found on its bank a nest of eggs, which, from their uncouth appearance, he took to be those of some strange water-fowl, and carried them home and placed them under a duck; when, in fourteen days' time, there came forth a brood of sixteen young alligators, which immediately set off full speed to the lake, accompanied by their foster-mother, who attends on its borders for them, as if they were of her own species.

Slave-Murder.—At Tortola, on the 8th of May, the Hon. Arthur Wm. Hodge, *an accomplished gentleman, of polished manners, of liberal and refined education,* and a member of his Majesty's council in the island, was publicly executed, for the murder of one of his own negroes.—A mango had fallen from a tree which the slave had been set to watch: the master commanded that he should forfeit six shillings, or be flogged. The poor wretch with difficulty procured and paid three shillings; but that sum not satisfying his tyrant, he was flogged for upwards of an hour, receiving more than one hundred lashes, and threatened by his master, that, if he did not bring the remaining 3s. on the next day, the flogging should be repeated.—The next day he was tied to a tree, and flogged for such a length of time, with the thong of the whip doubled, that his head fell back, and he could bawl no more. From thence he was carried to the sick house, and chained to two other negroes: he remained in this confinement during five days, at the end of which time his companions broke away, and thereby relased him. But, being unable to follow them, he retired to the negro-huts, where he was afterwards found dead, and in a state of putrefaction.—In the course of the trial, among other more shocking instances of Mr. Hodge's barbarity, it was proved that he had caused the death of his cook by *pouring boiling water down her throat!*

[illegible]ain.—Colonel Mina, commandant of Navarre, having notice of the approach of an escort with 1600 prisoners, English, Spanish, and Portuguese, awaited them at Fuente de Arlaban with 2,900 men. They arrived on the 24th of May. In the commencement of the action, the prisoners were much exposed, and about 200 of them were killed; after a short resistance the French surrendered; and there have in consequence fallen into the hands of Mina, 600 prisoners, 2 coaches, 70 carts laden with equipage, and other effects, valued at six millions of reals. Two generals accompanied the escort, one of whom was taken prisoner; the other was shot in his coach at the first discharge.

Kingston (Jamaica) May 25.—The American government, notwithstanding the Non-Importation Act against Great Britain, permits American vessels from this and other colonies to take a return for their cargoes in rum, several vessels having proceeded to different ports at the north side for that purpose.

The flying Tailor.—*Ulm, June* 1.—The promised attempt at flying, by the tailor Burlinger, with the wings he had made, did not prove successful. He placed himself on the walls of this town, at the edge of the Danube, for the purpose of flying over that river; but no sooner had he leaped from the wall, than one of his wings broke, and he fell into the water, and must have been drowned, had not some boats gone to his assistance.

Heligoland, June 2.—Numbers of persons suspected of having had correspondences with a British port, continue to be arrested on the opposite coast, and are generally marched off to Hamburg, to be tried by Davoust, the governor-general of the Hanseatic towns. Several have been sentenced to be shot.

Vienna, June 9.—The bankers and principal merchants of this capital have been forbidden to draw bills of exchange on each other in order to send the specie out of the country, and thus ruin commerce.

Cadiz, June 15.—The olive-groves near Seville, and the pine-forests near Cadiz, have been burned by the French.

Lord Wellington.—The enemy having received a considerable accession of strength, and advancing against him with much superior forces, his lordship, on the 17th of June, made an orderly retreat with the allied army to a strong position opposite to Abrantes.

A serious insurrection took place among the peasantry in the neighbour-

hood of Malmoe, on the 17th and 18th of June, on account of the conscription. —From 1200 to 1500 men assembled, armed with scythes, flails, forks, &c. &c. The military were called in to disperse them; a dreadful scene ensued; forty of the peasants were killed, and 130 wounded, besides 200 taken prisoners; the others retired to their respective homes. Similar acts of insubordination have occurred in other parts of the kingdom, some of which have been pardoned, and others visited with death, and the severest punishment the law can inflict.

Paris, June 18.—King Joseph has set out on his return to Spain.

June 20.—The French garrison in Astorga blew up the fortifications, and abandoned the place.

London, June 21.—Letters from Petersburg state, that British vessels, with colonial produce, are permitted to land their cargoes in the Russian ports.

Letters from Petersburg, of June 23, state that seventy-eight vessels had arrived in the Russian ports, nearly seventy of which were Americans, direct from the United States, with coffee, sugar, cotton, and other produce, that were obtaining high prices, while the British were excluded from the benefit.

London, June 24.—A literary society has been established in the Philippine islands.—Its first object is to form a vocabulary of all the languages spoken in the Western Archipelago.

Carlsham, June 27.—A decree of his Danish Majesty declares, that all cargoes with bale goods, belonging to Russian and Danish subjects, shall be confiscated.

A remarkable literary prodigy is now at the University of Gottingen, in the person of a boy, ten years and a half old, who understands the languages, history, geography, and literature, ancient and modern, and who, at the age of eight years, possessed, besides his mother tongue, Greek, Latin, French, English, and Italian, to such a degree of perfection, that he could not only translate currently the Æneid of Virgil and the Iliad of Homer, but could besides speak, with an astonishing facility, all the living languages just mentioned.

June 28.—The French general Suchet took Tarragona by storm, slaughtered four thousand men in the city, and made near ten thousand prisoners.

London, July 1.—By the ship Archduke Charles from Lima, which has brought a million and a half of dollars, we learn that the coinage in Me[illegible]in 1810 did not exceed twenty millions of dollars, which is one-third less than it has been of late years: and it is not expected to exceed ten millions this year.

Letters from Port-au-Prince mention, that Petion had ordered all the French white inhabitants to quit the island, on suspicion that they were aiding General Rigaud.

London, July 8.—The Henry, merchant vessel, has arrived in six weeks and two days from Brasil. A gentleman, who came passenger in her from Rio de Janeiro, states, that, at the time of his departure, several ships of war were preparing to sail for Monte Video, in consequence of a representation having reached Admiral De Courcy, relative to some outrageous conduct on the part of Elio, by whose orders several British subjects, found on board two Spanish vessels belonging to Buenos Ayres, had been seised and publicly executed at Monte Video.

London, July 11.—The Heligoland letters, by the mail of yesterday, brought information of the departure of the King of Sweden for the Danish territory. It is said, that in a paroxysm of rage at some circumstance un-explained, but which is believed to be a dispute with a British officer in authority on the station, he threw himself into an open boat, and proceeded to the Eyder. He landed at Tonningen the same day, and was there arrested.

London, July 15.—The loan of one million of dollars, which the Spanish Regency has been attempting for the last three months to raise at Cadiz, was not negotiated at the date of the last accounts. In one of the late Gazettes which have reached us, we perceive, that this want of success is attributed by the Minister of Finances to there being no cash in Cadiz, but only paper-money and colonial goods, of which it was very difficult to dispose.

London, July 17.—Letters and papers were received yesterday from the shores of the Elbe, and the neighbourhood of the Baltic. A young man had been shot in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, on a charge of holding commercial intercourse with this country. Several other respectable persons have disappeared; and it is imagined that they have been co[illegible]ed to the new Bastiles of France, or have been otherwise disposed of by the police.

London, July 22.—A ship of the United States, called the Independent Ameri-

can- has been captured in the Baltic, by the Courageux man of war. She was bound from Petersburg to some port *unknown*, but *supposed* to be destined for one of the harbours blockaded under the British Orders in Council.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

From the date of our last publication, his Majesty continued his daily walks on the Terrace, under the care of Dr. Willis, until the 6th of July, when the Queen's council met to examine the medical and other attendants. Their report says— "The state of His Majesty's health, at the time of this our meeting, is not such as to enable His Majesty to resume the personal exercise of his royal functions." —"His Majesty's bodily health is but little disordered."—"Some of His Majesty's physicians do not entertain hopes of His Majesty's recovery quite so confident as those which they had expressed on the 6th of April. The persuasion of others of His Majesty's physicians, that His Majesty will completely recover, is not diminished; and they all appear to agree that there is a considerable probability of His Majesty's final recovery."

Immediately after this report was made, he had a fresh access of paroxysm; and from that time was no longer allowed to walk out.—On the 12th, he had a fresh and more serious paroxysm, accompanied by most alarming symptoms. He was cupped. For two days, the paroxysm was excessive: his pulse was up to 120; and, during 54 successive hours, he neither took refreshment of sleep or food, nor ceased to talk incoherently.—On the 15th, his life was despaired of; and he suddenly became so extremely low, that the physicians deemed it necessary to send off hourly expresses to the Regent, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c.—On the 19th, he was in a low state, bordering on melancholy.—On the 20th, he obtained some sleep by means of opiates, and was a little better on the 21st. His bodily health, all this time, has been good, except so far as affected by the paroxysms, which are of late become more frequent, more violent, and of longer duration: and it is only from the known influence of the mental mala-y on the brain and bowels, that any apprehension of his sudden demise can be apprehended; though, upon the whole, there seems to be no hope entertained of his ever being qualified to resume the personal exercise of the regal functions.—On the 26th, he passed a very restless night; and apprehensions were entertained of his speedy dissolution.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, June 27, thirteen pence, farthing—July 4, 11, 16, and 25, the same.

Portuguese Subscriptions.—Amount advertised. City of London Tavern, to *July* 29, above £56,000.—Willis's Rooms, to June 15, near £15,000.—Ladies' Subscriptions—Mansion House, to *June* 15, near £800.—Marchioness of Lansdowne, &c. to *July* 2, above £850.

June 18.—As a jobber, of the name of Dee, was driving seven calves to Bury, in a cart, some sparks from a lighted pipe, which he held in his mouth, communicated with the straw—himself being asleep; in consequence of which, five of the calves were burned to death, the cart was nearly consumed, and the jobber very severely burned in the arms and hands. The remaining two calves were obliged to be immediately killed.

June 19.—Lord Louth appeared in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, to receive judgement, for abuse of his authority, and oppression as a magistrate, in 1809, in issuing a warrant against Mathews, his tenant, and having him arrested and committed to Dundalk goal for an alleged felony, of having cut timber upon his Lordship's estate. The Court, understanding that a compensation of £300. had been made to the prosecutor, besides paying his costs, sentenced his Lordship to be imprisoned three calendar months.

June 19.—A tradesman in Holborn, whose wife eloped from him three months ago, attempted in the paroxysms of a violent fever, brought on by excessive grief, to cut his throat. He employed for this purpose a pair of scissors, but was only able to inflict a deep wound; which was sewed up. A few hours after, taking advantage of the absence of his attendant, he threw himself out of a two-pair of stairs window, in the hope of dashing out his brains; but his fall being broken by a projection in the yard, he escaped with life, but his arm was shattered in three places. Irritated at failing in these attempts, he then tore the bandage from

his throat, and forcing his fingers into the wound, brought on a violent hæmorrhage, and expired the same evening.

June 25.—Mr. John Coxetter, of Greenham Mills, Newbury, had two South Down sheep shorn at his factory, exactly at five o'clock in the morning; from the wool of which (after passing its various processes) a complete damaseen-colored coat was made, and worn by Sir John Throckmorton, Bart. at a quarter past six in the evening, being two hours and three-quarters within the time allotted, for a wager of one thousand guineas.

Libel.—*June* 27, in the Court of King's Bench, Geo. Manners, esq. editor of the "*Satirist*," received judgement for two libellous articles, published by him in that miscellany. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and bound to keep the peace for three years.

Gold and Paper.—*June* 27, in consequence of a notice given by Lord King to his tenants that they must either pay their rents in gold, or, if in bank paper, at sixteen shillings in the pound, Earl Stanhope introduced a bill into the house of Lords, to prevent the gold coin from being paid, or received for more than its nominal value, or the bank paper for less.—In the course of the debates his lordship stated, that guineas were publicly bought at Manchester, at an advance of *twenty* per cent. by persons from Ireland, for the purpose of paying their landlords, who insisted on gold: and the earl of Lauderdale declared that he knew an instance, where a landlord called upon his tenants to pay in gold; and the latter having represented to the steward the impossibility of procuring gold, they were each told that there were 100 guineas at a chandler's shop in the neighbourhood, which might be purchased; and it was a fact, that with those 100 guineas, passing from one to another, a rent of 7,000l. was actually paid.—The bill has passed both houses, and received the royal assent on the 24th of July.

Swindling.—A swindler, of genteel address, who has cheated a number of tradespeople by personating gentlemen of rank and fortune, lately introduced himself to Mr. H. a gentleman retired from business, in Wigmore-street, and succeeded in persuading the old gentleman that he was his nephew, by his sister in Gloucestershire—that he had just returned from the army in Portugal, and was a captain of dragoons. He managed his business so well by the production of notes from the Secretary of State's office to prove intimacy between him and the under secretaries, as to obtain from Mr. H. the loan of 50l. for immediate use.

June 29.—About 150 sail of merchantmen arrived from the Baltic and Norway with cargoes, consisting of 30,000 quarters of wheat, tar, hemp, and other commodities. We are informed, that the saving in the duty on the timber by this fleet, which is augmented from the commencement of the present month, will amount to 150,000l. in favor of the importers.

Plymouth, July 1.—Arrived, yesterday, the sloop Diligence, from Truro, with a cargo, consisting of 18 half, and four quarter barrels of gunpowder, porter, &c. As she was coming round Penlee Point, a flash of lightning struck the vessel, by which the crew and passengers were laid senseless on the deck; in which state the greater part of them remained some minutes; but none of them received any serious injury. The mast of the vessel was split in every direction, and is thereby rendered useless; and the top mast was shivered to pieces, as if it had been cut up by an axe: but (wonderful to relate!) the gunpowder was not affected.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—*July* 2, For several days past, a lad, nine years old, belonging to a respectable tradesman in the neighbourhood of Paddington, had been missing. He was at school near that place, and not returning home at his usual hour, search and inquiry was made for him. No tidings were heard until this morning, when he was found dead in one of the vaults of St. George's chapel, Paddington.—The body was standing against the wall of the vault. His bag, with his school-books, was on his shoulder; there were several coffins in the vault. It is conjectured that the boy had been led there by curiosity, to see a funeral, and that, having been inadvertently shut in, he died of fright.

Purchasing Guineas.—*July* 3, in the Court of King's Bench in the case of De Yonge, who had been convicted of purchasing guineas for more than 21 shillings, and whose case had been reserved for the opinion of the twelve judges, it was decided that such purchase was not an offence punishable under the existing laws.

Balloon.—*July* 3, Mr. Sadler ascended with a balloon from Cambridge. He completely lost sight of Trinity college in three minutes and a half, when he entered a mass of dark clouds, which, from

the time (six minutes) spent in passing through them, he supposes to have been near a mile in thickness.—At the expiration of one hour and thirty-five minutes, he alighted near Standon in Hertfordshire, distant about 34 miles from Cambridge: but he conceives that he must have travelled upwards of *ninety* miles, having at first taken a course due South, and afterwards to the Eastward.

In Torrington Marshes, near the town of Lynn, a youth was drowned, last week, while bathing. His faithful dog witnessed the fatal transaction, flew to his relief while struggling for life in the water, drew the body to land, and immediately ran howling and barking incessantly to every person and house in the neighbourhood. Some humane people were soon attracted to the spot by means of the dog, but too late to render any assistance in restoring animation.

Poney Race.—At Beaconsfield, July 3, two ponies, belonging to Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Farebam, were started for a wager, to run four hours. The one was driven *fourteen* miles in the first hour, but was "*knocked up*" in the end. The other ran *forty-nine* miles in the given time!

Distress.—July 8, Alderman Birch stated in the common-council the case of a young man, who, being discharged under a recent insolvent act, immediately on obtaining his liberty, hastened to the wretched habitation where he expected to find his wife. He found her indeed, but dead! She had expired half an hour before his arrival, of absolute want. Distracted at this event, he left the house, applied to a friend, who lent him money enough to enable him to purchase a dose of poison, which he did—he took it, and death followed: he was buried in the same grave and on the same day with his wife.

Life-Boat.—*July* 6, a life-boat, on a new construction, was launched at Greenwich. It was invented by a Mr. Morris, and appears very simple. It consists of four common size beer-butts, which are laid lengthwise, and two smaller at each end, which are lashed upright. These empty butts, fastened together in a frame, form the basis of the boat; on them are gratings, &c. and side-pieces, which form the gunwale. The whole apparatus may be put together in less than 15 minutes, and is secured by means of wedges. It will carry 12 or 15 people at one time.

Government are at this time shipping 60,000 load of timber, for masts, yards, &c. from Canada.

Tea.—From the sales at the Ind[ia] House, it appears that our domestic co[n]sumption of that article amounts to ne[arly] twenty-four millions of pounds weig[ht] per annum.

July 7.—The directors of the Bank [of] England issued their three-shilling t[o]kens, of which the intrinsic value is [es]timated at something less that two a[nd] sixpence.

Pedestrianism.—*July* 7. A young ge[n]tleman, about twenty years of age, slig[ht] and slender, but well proportioned, sta[rt]ed from Whitechapel church, to go fi[fty] miles on foot, against a pair of horses [in] a gentleman's carriage—the horses [to] stop only once to bait on the road. [He] won the race, and performed the task [in a] little more than eight hours.—Two [or] three days afterwards, Capt. Dodd, fo[r a] wager, ran a mile on Wimbledon comm[on] in five minutes, and twenty-five secon[ds] —and, lately, a man, named Lock, [at] Sunning-Hill, ran a mile in four minu[tes] and fifty seconds.

Two ships have arrived from the Fre[nch] coast under licence from Buonapa[rte,] with wines and other produce, accord[ing] to his commercial stipulations.

Subscription for Mr. Drakard—Fr[om] June 15th to the 26th of July, £421, [...] (See our Magazine for June, p. 284.)

Chancery.—*July* 8, the Lord Chance[llor] stated in the House of Lords that [he] had, at that moment, under his offi[cial] care, *twenty-five millions* of the prope[rty] of his Majesty's subjects.

Landlord and Tenant.—*July* 8, An int[er]esting case was decided in the court [of] King's Bench, Marks *v.* Howard.—Ma[rks] had held a house at £45 rent, first un[der] a lease, which expired at Michaelm[as] 1807, and afterwards as a yearly tena[nt.] In July 1810, he was served with a wa[rn]ing to quit at Christmas, or pay 60[l. a] year. He kept possession, tendered [the] old rent due at Lady-day, and was [dis]trained for the advanced rent.—T[he] judge, Lord Ellenborough, declared t[hat] the warning was irregular, and the [dis]tress illegal; that the tenant's hold[ing] was from Michaelmas to Michaelm[as,] and that he was entitled to six mon[ths'] notice to quit at that term.—Verdict [for] the tenant, with damages.

Pedestrianism.—*July* 9, a Mr. H[...] started from Oxford-street, to go to [Bris]tol and return (234 miles) in forty ho[urs,] with two resting hours allowed. He [...] 36 miles on the road in ten minutes [...] than six hours after starting.

Guineas and Bank-Notes.—In the House of Commons, July 9, Mr. Tierney stated that a gentleman, lately returned from France, had seen 1500 guineas taken out from a quarter of an ox carried from this country; and Mr. Manning stated the amount of bank-notes out-standing at twenty-two millions.

Irish Catholics.—*July* 9, At the aggregate Catholic Meeting, held in Dublin, it was unanimously resolved to elect a new committee, consisting of the Catholic Peers and their eldest sons, the Catholic Baronets, the survivors of the committee appointed in 1793, and other delegates to be chosen by the counties of Ireland and parishes of Dublin. This new organ of the Catholic body is to commence its functions on the 1st of next September. It was likewise resolved to petition Parliament again next session.

The lightning has been more awful and destructive the present summer, than it has been for a series of years past. No less than twenty-six head of cattle were killed in the course of last week by lightning, at Risby and Walsham, in Norfolk. A man was killed in a field near King's Castle. His head was split to pieces by the electric fluid.

The ship, Archduke Charles, just arrived from Lima, whence she sailed on the 10th Jan. with a valuable cargo, under convoy of his Majesty's brig Mutine, has landed four officers, sent over on a political mission. The principal is Don Francisco De Salazar, a colonel in the Spanish army, charged with dispatches for the Spanish Minister in London, and accredited to the Cortes of Spain.

Property-Tax.—Court of King's Bench, July 11.—Chas. Page, having lent to R. Wright 800l. and three several times refused to allow him a deduction from the interest for the property tax, was condemned in the mitigated penalty of 400l. —the full penalty, if exacted, being 7200l., viz. three times the amount of the principal for each refusal.—Another verdict was given on the same day, against a broker, who, having been employed to distrain for rent, had refused to allow the sum paid by the tenant for the landlord's property-tax.

Apothecaries.—Court of Common Pleas, July 11.—Mr. Fuller, surgeon and apothecary, obtained a verdict against the executors of the late Duke of Queensberry for *attendance* on his Grace.—The judge, Sir James Mansfield, observed that he would have deemed this action untenable in a court of justice, had it not been proved that the late duke had declared his conviction that Mr. Fuller expected, and had a right to expect to be paid for his visits and trouble: otherwise he (Sir J. M.) was not aware that an apothecary had any right to claim for attendance, much less to sue for it: but, under the peculiar circumstances of the present case, in which the deceased had recognised a claim, he left it with the jury.—Verdict for the plaintiff, £7500.

It has been for several weeks a known and common practice at one shop in the city, for a man to give a twenty-shilling note and a dish of fish for a guinea.

Lord Chancellor.—From the report of a committee of the House of Commons, it appears that the fees received by the lord chancellor, in his jurisdiction of chancellor and from commissions of bankruptcy, in nine years, ending April 1811, have amounted to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds—and his fees, as speaker of the House of Lords, from the session commencing January 1801, to that commencing January 1810, inclusive, to upwards of £51,000.

July 17.—A fraud, of a curious nature, has, within these few days, been practised upon several publicans and other persons in Windsor and its neighbourhood, by a woman dressed in a long cloak, pretending to be a smuggler's wife, and who produced samples of excellent Cognac brandy, at several houses, about dusk, stating that her husband was waiting at a short distance with several casks, which they could afford to sell at very low prices. Several agreed to take casks; and, as soon as she got the money, she made off. On tapping the casks, they were found to contain only pure water.

British Prisoners in France.—Amount of subscriptions for their relief, July 26, upwards of sixty-two thousand pounds.

There were lately found in a [illegible] on Mr. Davidson's farm, Mains of C[illegible]bogie, in the parish of Tarves, a great number of the gold and silver coins of James VI. of Scotland.

Bank robbery.—*July* 14, the Glasgow Bank was entered by means of false keys, and robbed of £20,000 in cash and notes.

Bullion.—*July* 18, fifty tons of silver, rec[illegible]ly arrived from Lima, were lodged in the [illegible]nk.

The C[illegible]ercial Dock Company have agreed to [illegible]ir premises, for two [illegible] to the W[illegible]dia Dock Company, who offered 50,000l. for that term.

BORN.

June 15. Of the lady of Lieutenant-general Sir Geo. Nugent, a son.

June 24. Of the lady of W. Agar, esq. Hanger Hill, a daughter.

June. 27. Of the lady of W. T. Stretton, esq. Fitzroy-square, a son.

June 28. Of the lady of Robert Ogilby, esq. Grosvenor-place, a son.

June 29 Of the lady of Joseph Pole Carew, esq. Queen Ann Street, a daughter.

June 30. Of the lady of the R. H. Lord Sinclair, a son.

June 30. Of the Hon. Mrs Wellington, Hay Castle, Breconshire, a daughter.

July 4 Of the lady of Thos. Fitzherbert, esq. of Swinnerton, Staffordshire, a son.

July 7. Of Mrs. Berkeley Paget, Portman-street, a daughter.

July 8. Of Viscountess Falmouth, a son.

July 10. Of the lady of the Rev. Weeden Butler, Chelsea, a daughter.

July 11. Of the lady of J. H. Hogarth, esq. Bedford-place, a son.

July 17. Of Lady Loraine, a son.

MARRIED.

Lately, at Paris, Monsr.***, wine-merchant, *to a captain of hussars.*—The latter had served six years in a regiment of that description, and given such proofs of valour, as to obtain promotion from the ranks to a captaincy. But a wound, received in a late action in Spain, led to a discovery that the gallant captain was of the feminine gender ; and she was allowed to retire upon half pay.

June 25. Thos. Daniel. esq. of Aldridge-Lodge, Staffordshire, to Miss Mary Smith, of Woodhall Park, Berks

June 26. Lord Burgherst to Miss Wellesley Pole.

June 27. Chas. Scudamore, esq. of Highgate, to Miss Georgiana Johnson, of Finchley.

June 27. Mr. Abraham Borradaile, of Fenchurch-street, to Miss Elizabeth B[illegible]

[illegible]*ly* 2. Ferdinand Jeyes, esq. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, to Miss Osborn, of Northampton.

July 2. At Putney, Walter Clifton, esq. to Miss E. Bell.

July 4. The Hon. Col. Wm. Fitzroy to Lady Elizabeth Fitzroy.

July 6. Muzio Clementi, esq. to Miss Emma Gisborne, of Alfred-plac[illegible]edford-square.

July 6. Jas. W. Farr[illegible] of Lincol[illegible]nn, to the Hon[illegible] Scott, of Weymouth street.

July 8. The Rt. Hon. Chas. Manners Sutton, judge-advocate general, to Miss Charlotte Denison, of Ossington, Nottinghamshire.

July 8. Viscount Hawarden, to Miss Jane Bruce.

July 15. Capt. John Cochet, of the navy, to Mrs. Long.

July 18. Joseph Brown Wilkes, esq. of Dartford, to Mrs. Croft, of Montague-street, Russell-square.

DECEASED.

June 19. In Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mrs. Jane Walker.

June 26. Sir John Anstruther, baronet.

June 26. At Wolston, Warwickshire, General George Scott.

June 27. Sir John Lawson, Bart. aged 67.

July 1. At Brighton, in his 85th year, W. Ainge, esq. bencher of the Middle Temple.

July 2. Suddenly, at Norwich, Miss Sillett, so near to matrimony, that her wedding-dress and shroud were brought home on the same day.

July 3. At Fulham, Captain Octavius Bond.

July 3. On his way to Brighton, the Hon. Baron Nathaniel Dimsdale.

July 4. Sir Sitwell Sitwell, bart.

July 4. Richard Lee, esq. of Highbury-place, Islington.

July 4. Abbot Kent, esq. Muswell-Hill, aged 66.

July 4, Mrs. Craufurd, George-street, Hanover-square.

July 8. Thomas Berington, esq. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

July 8. Col. Sergisson, of Cuckfield-park, Sussex.

July 9. At Leatherhead, the lady of H. W. Money, esq,

July 14 At Westerham, Kent, Louisa, the lady of the Rev. W. Moreton.

July 16. Mrs. Eleanor Vyner, relict of Robert Vyner, esq. of Gautby, Lincolnshire.

July 16. Richard Gurney, esq. of Keswick, Norfolk.

July 18. The Hon. General Henry Edward Fox, governor of Portsmouth.

July 18. The Rev. Lewis Mercier, pastor of the French Protestant church, Threadneedle-street.

APPENDIX.

A piece of amber, 14 inches long, 9¼ broad, and weighing 21lbs. was last month found by a Russian soldier between Memel and Koningsberg. It is confessedly the largest piece ever seen, exceeding in size and weight the one found in the Prussian territories in 1805, and is supposed to be worth near 6000 dollars.